POEMS
ON
Affairs of STATE:
FROM
OLIVER CROMWELL,

To this preſent time. Written by the greateſt Wits of the Age, *Viz.*

Lord *Rocheſter*,
Lord *D——t*,
Lord *C—ts*,
Duke of *Buckingham*,
Dr. *K.*
Dr. *Wild*,
Sir Charles S..dly,
Sir Fleetwood S——d,
Mr. Dryden,
Mr. Prior,
Charles Blount, Eſq;
Mr. Wicherly,
Mr. Shadwell,
Mr. Tho. Brown,
Capt. Ayloffe.
Mr. H—bt,

PART III.

With other Miſcellany POEMS; And a new Seſſion of the preſent *POETS*. The whole never before Printed.

Printed in the Year, 1698.

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To

To all the Lovers of

WIT and POETRY.

Gentlemen,

THIS *Miſcellany* was purpoſely Collected for your Diverſion and Entertainment; together with a little neceſſary Regard to an old Friend, of moſt Dealers in Books, call'd *Private* or *Perſonal Intereſt.* Nor can there be any reaſonable Grounds to ſuſpect, that the Publication of 'em ſhou'd want due Succeſs, eſpecially conſidering what ſort of Stuff the World has been pleas'd with of late. The whole Deſign appears to be very Innocent,

The

The Copies of Verſes being ſo mix'd, that they may have a double Effect upon the *Readers*, Viz. To Gratifie the Curioſity of ſome, and Diſplay and Reform the Vices and Miſtakes of others; which is the true end of all Poetry.

It muſt be confeſs'd, That Poetry in general has not now the fortune to Meet with ſo good Entertainment as it was univerſally receiv'd with ſome Years ago: Yet even in this prepoſterous Age, of *Politicks* and *Poverty*, ſhe is not altogether without her *Favourers*. It is to be Recorded among the Glories of *England*, that true *Poeſy*, ſince the Flouriſhing of the *Grecian* and *Roman* Governments, has in no Time nor Place, riſen to ſo great an heighth, and been ſo kindly embrac'd as in this *Nation*: Nay, it may

may be affirm'd without *Hyperbole*, that this little *Iſland* has of late Years produc'd as Illuſtrions Patrons of Wit and Learning, as the greateſt Kingdoms in *Europe*.

It is a general Complaint not only among *Tradeſmen*, but the very *Wits* themſelves, that Trading's dead; there's no *Buſineſs*, no *Mony* ſtirring. This Complaint may be founded upon Reaſon enough; for I queſtion not, but a Publick laſting *War* has always as fatal Influence on the *Common-Wealth* of *Learning*, as on the *State*, or any other *Community* or *Corporation* whatever. Yet notwithſtanding all this, many ſorry indifferent Productions have met with Encouragement far above their Merit. There have been ſome things of this nature huddl'd together, and ſent abroad into

to the World in so horrid and deform'd a Dress, that were the *Authors themselves that Wrote those Excellent Pieces*, now Alive, to see how they have been Mangled and Abus'd, they wou'd be prompted to abjure and renonnce their own Issue, and Curse the Injustice of those *Book-sellers*, who durst prostitute their *Fame* and *Reputation*, to the satisfaction of their own sordid *Covetousness*.

We have treated the *Gentlemen* to whom we are Beholden after a better fashion: And tho we may have Publish'd some of their Works perhaps without their Privity, yet there is particular care taken, they shall make their *Tour* in the World in a Garb as little Offensive as is possible.

I see but one thing that can be reasonably objected against this *Collecti-*

on; And that is, that we have pitch'd upon ſome *Poems*, to fill up the Volume, which very ſeverely Reflect upon ſeveral *Gentlemen* now Living, of good Account and Eſtimation among the *Muſes*.

It muſt be acknowledg'd indeed, that the Original deſign of *Satyr* in its Primitive Inſtitution, was only to expoſe the Deformity of Vice, without levelling any thing directly againſt the *Perſon*; but Corruption continually increaſing, and Men chuſing rather to lay the Saddle any where than upon the right Horſe, it was found neceſſary for *Poets* to become more blunt, and upon occaſion, (when they are to deal with a hardned Blockhead) to point out directly with the *Prophet* of Old, and cry, *Thou art the Man.*

Beſides,

Beſides, it greatly abates the force of this Objection, that the very Perſons here mention'd, moſt of 'em at leaſt, have made uſe of the ſame Liberty, and been as free with the Reputation of Others, as any Men upon Earth: And it ſeems to be very Injuſt to condemn that Liberty in another, which we aſſume, without any manner of Scruple to our ſelves.

In ſhort, ſuch as it is, it was wholly intended for your Satisfaction and Pleaſure; but if it ſhall not be found capable of anſwering thoſe Ends, the Undertaker will hardly meet Encouragement enough to venture upon Publiſhing a *Fourth Part*, which he has ready at your Service, if his Endeavours in this Volume find a favourable Entertainment.

A Familiar

EPISTLE,

By WAY of

NOSCE TEIPSUM.

DIRECTED

To his Worthy Friend, Sir *Frivolous Insipid*, alias Sir ——

——— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,*
Qui non defendit alio Culpante Solutos,
Qui Captat Risus, Hominum Famamq; Chedcis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, cõmmissa tacere
Qui nequit; Hic Niger est, hunc tu, Romane Caveto.
Hor. Sat. 4. Lib. 1.

RIght Heir to Flutter Fop of the last Edition,
Who can'st be guilty but of Wit's Misprison;
To all the Mischiefs meant by *Whiffle*'s Quill,
Thou com'st a feeble Accessary still:

In at the fooliſh Lies, that want pretence,
But out at all that has a ſhew of Senſe.
When un-provok'd, without the leaſt diſlike;
Without all Reaſon, Policy, or Pique:
Thy whiffling, whiſtling omnipreſent Will,
Out of a meer delight of doing ill,
And not to ſhame a Race of Worthleſs Men,
On his, and thy kind Helper, drew thy Pen;
When with a ſudden Hair-brain'd Reſolution,
He charg'd Friend *Bob*, to *Peter*'s Confuſion,
Thou knew'ſt the Plot, and did'ſt engage to help the
(Execution
But ſuch a Second wer't thou in the Fray,
As cheated *Monmouth* found of fearful *G*——*y*;
Yet with this difference, thy true Trayterous Will
To hurt was greater, full as ſmall as thy Skill.
Why would'ſt thou thus be bubbl'd to Contract
For Treaſons, thou'rt incapable to act?
Why would'ſt thou take unneceſſary pains,
To ſhew thy ever noted want of Brains?
And for vile Rhymes, thy addle Head perplex,
Inſipid ſtill, they can nor Pleaſe nor Vex:
Thy bungling Writings, by the dulneſs known,
Will injure no Man's Credit but thy own:

Or if by chance, ſome ſpark of Satyr ſhines
Through the dark Maſs, and gilds thy cloudy Lines
So ill thou know'ſt to gain thy Treacherous End,
On thoſe it lights, whoſe Cauſe thou would'ſt defend.
To that rare Aid, which from thy Pen did Flow,
Much does the Sex, much does thy Miſtreſs owe,
When by their own Adventures taught, thou ſay'ſt,
All Fools who change not, get their Wiſh at laſt.
But what thy Muſe wants of the ſting of Satyr,
She makes us up in Falſeneſs and Ill-nature:
Beyond thy Couſin *Hamden*'s thine extends,
He, tho himſelf he Slanders, ſpares his Friends.
But drein of Knavery the Fanatick Store,
Play the *French*-Apiſh-Fop ſtill as before,
I'll be thy Friend, and tell thee on't no more.
In ſlight and ſenſeleſs Songs, like *Nice* delight,
Laugh without Jeſt, and without Reading, Write;
Deſpis'd by Men, Piping at *Ruels* ſit,
And let vain Coquets take thee for a Wit:
May all thy Minutes their Applauſes meet,
And be an able Coxcomb in thy Feet:
By fawning *Beaux*, in league with Court Knaves grow
And ſmile on Ladies, whom thou ſcarce do'ſt know;
Then acting ill the Reſerv'dneſs of a Lover,
The no Intrigue endeavour to diſcover.

For Jests, whose cheating Form thy Fancy fill,
Prepare Men oft, and disappoint 'em still:
Still aim at Wit in an unlucky Hour,
Have the perpetual Will, without the Power:
Feel endless Motions, without Fruit, but Pain
By thy curs'd Stars, doom'd all thy Life in vain
To struggle with a Strangury of Brain;
Thinking all want that do not boast their Store,
Tho they talk less, because they know much more:
In Visiting, Chat and frivolous Buz abound,
As empty Vessels give the greatest Sound.
Conceit for Breeding, Rude for Familiar, take
Horse-play for Wit, and Noise for Mirth still make,
Be it like *Smith*, thy Talent to Mistake.
Full of thy self, and looking wondrous Wise,
Repeat thy own sharp Sayings and Replies:
When most thou aim'st to Please, give most Offence,
And be the perfect Patern of false Sense:
If Women who have Wit, come in thy way,
And with thee half an hour unwilling stay,
Sneer thy false Youth and Heetick Shape away;
Look as if something did about thee stink,
And always talk as if thou ne'er didst think:
Joy in thy flippant Folly, and remain
a merry Block head, Treacherous and Vain.

A Familiar

ANSWER

TO A LATE

Familiar EPISTLE,

By WAY of

Welcom JOAN SANDERSON.

Scalpellum Calami, Atramentum, Charta, Libelli.
Sint semper Studiis Arma parata tuis.
Qui Mihi.

WElcom, my honest long expected Friend,
With Joy, I see thy Labour's at an end:
Thy costive Muse, which such a grunting made,
Has now at last her painful Burden laid:
A Genius less Sprightly than thy own,
Cou'd never finish such a Task so soon;
'Tis not yet full two Years, since 'twas begun.

What Charm has made thee quit the *Tortoni Pace*,
And hobble on so far in so short space?
For this we find, it was thou did'st retire,
To try what Purging *Epsom* cou'd inspire;
Thy Verse has much of Water in't, no Fire.
Now thy Hand's in, I hope thou'lt give us next,
The needful Comment on thy dubious Text,
Which is so Intricate and so Profound,
'Twould puzle Monsieur *Jurieu* to Expound
The Cloudy Notions, scatter'd all a long;
You never more obscurely writ a Song,
Tho they are always competently dark,
With Contradictions, which are still your Mark.
If you your Letter for Instruction mean,
Vouchsafe to have the Bounty to Explain
What that Confusion was, once caus'd in *Peter*,
By the Burlesquing of *Bob*'s Sacred Meter:
Tell us the English of a meaning Quill,
Of *Hectick Shape* and *Omnipresent Will*;
To salve those Doubts, I doubt, will pose thy Skill.
That thy dull Muse was proper, all Men know,
To cobble old Work, not to cut out New;

Tho

Tho by incessant Toyling at the Trade,
Thou hast some low pedantick Progress made,
Against *Minerva*'s Will, thou do'st her Art Invade,
Since to be Grateful all good Men desire,
And one good Turn, another does require:
Since Friends by thy Example may be free,
Allow me to advise thee—*Ex Amo*.
Know then thou hast a most unfurnish'd head,
Remember, the great *Rochester* is Dead;
Thy Wit was but repeating what he said,
Of thee a necessary Tool he found,
Still proud to Father all that he Disown'd;
For which, he let thee of his Jests dispose,
As Servants Flutter in their Lord's old Cloaths.
But now his Wardrobe is quite Thread-bare grown,
Thy Nakedness appears through all thy own:
Since with him, thy enliv'ning Spark went out,
Thou'rt now but Matter into Motion put:
He taught thee not the Arts to think, but Rhyme,
Tho like a Clock sometimes he made thee Chime,
Now he can't wind thee up, thou'rt out of Time,
Thus when from Court turn'd out a useless Load,
Thou sneak'st to get in, by a fulsom *Ode*;
To hear it, the late King thou could'st not get,
Tho 'twas with all the Charms of Musick Set:

Thy grosser Talents wou'd with Business jump,
In *Helicon* why would'st thou place thy Pump,
To Trade, or Pettyfogging bend thy mind,
But if to Rhyme thou art so much inclin'd,
Write Anagrams, Acrosticks, *Cambridge* Jests,
Motto's for Flags in Pies at City Feasts.
Sun-dial Sentences, Posies for Rings,
But don't Prophane good Tunes of *Robin Kings*.
With all thy might, attack the *Dids* and *Does*,
The *'Twixts* and *Tuttle*, and House of the *Tuto's*,
And treat departed Souls with Wit's *Ragoo's*.
Write *Verses* to fair Ladies, when they're Dead,
And *Prefaces*, which tire Men to Read:
Like a true Son o'th' Church, thy self behave,
And the Fanaticks, call thy Father Knave:
Promiscuously thy Poetry bestow,
That every Wench a Song of thine may show;
But in thy Language learn to be more Civil,
Nor call thy Mistress vile *Gilt*, *Coquet*, *Devil*:
So may *Aminta* be no more afraid,
Nor run for fear of being *Overlaid*.
For *Sighs*, no more with *Belches* fill her Ears,
Nor bath her Breast in Sweat, instead of Tears.

So

So may'st thou be no more Mankind's Offence,
With the ill Fate of shocking ev'ry Sense.
Like the old *Druids*, Misty be thy Song,
Thy Satyr Gentle, and thy Ballad strong;
Converse with *Billingsgate*, and from her Dames,
Improve thy general knack of calling Names;
But guide thy hand in Libel with more Skill
Thy Whifling, Whifling Omni-present Will,
Shows that thy Whale-bone Bodice hurt thee still.
Tho giving Titles thy chief Province be,
'Twere no hard matter to find one for thee:
But thou thy self, so great a Jest art grown,
Thou need'st not be by any Nick-name known,
For none's so despicable as thy own.

A Second Familiar

EPISTLE.

By WAY of

Make no more haſte, than good Speed. Or, Fair and Softly goes far in a Day.

IN

ANSWER

TO

My much reſpected Friend Sieur *Whiffle.*

DAily diſgracer of our *Engliſh* Satyr,
Scandal of Wit, unlicens'd Obſervator;
Who having not his Beggery to pretend,
Com'ſt out as oft, and to as bad an end;
Baſe venemous Slanders, cant'ſt invent as faſt,
(As long as his too, thine are turn'd at laſt)
With the ſame Morals, with as ill plac'd ſpite,
And equal probability do'ſt write.
When ſhall poor Martyr'd Truth, and honeſt Men
Reſt from the Perſecutions of thy Pen?

Not

Not that the pointleſs Stamp can guilty be
Of real Miſchiefs any more than Thee;
But Aper of the Impertinence of *Nobbs*,
Thou tyr'ſt contempt with thy miſtaken Bobbs,
Like Flies in Summer is thy frequent ſtroke,
Too much to bear, too little to provoke:
Pride not thy ſelf in Cramboing ſo faſt,
Such unripe Fruit, has neither Smell nor Taſte.
Slight vulgar Methods, which quick Rhymers skim,
Offering themſelves, upon the ſurface ſwim;
But Senſe that ſhows a Poet from a Fopp,
Like Pearl lies deep, and is long weighing up:
Mark the ſlow Courſe of Cauſes Nature breeds
Nothing in haſt, but Maggots, Worms, and Weeds:
Nor take the flowing Wit or eaſie ſtrain,
A Diabetic looſeneſs of the Brain,
Which indigeſt in a fulſom Maſs,
Ill ſorted lets thy crude Conceptions paſs,
From thy Whig Syre, thou did'ſt this Gift inherit,
It is a kind of writing by the Spirit,
Which the ſlow helps of Humane learning ſleights,
And againſt Reaſon, Truth, and Grammer fights:
Thy Inſpirations are like his new Lights.

Both

Both as a Judgment were by Heav'n design'd
To vex and try the Patience of Mankind;
But bolder and more groundless are thy dreams
As Springs are still exceeded by their Streams:
Peculiar for invention be thy Fame,
And in sheer Fiction all the Ancients shame:
Next to impossible, let thy Lyes appear,
Nor any Non-sense in thy Slanders fear;
Soon shot indeed thy Bolts are, but ne're hit
Or short or wide is all thy squirting Wit:
When most thy Satyr thou woud'st set in view,
And all the Rancour of thy spite pursue,
Let the Reverse of what thou say'st be true.
In so ill Credit are thy Ballad Lays,
Thy good word Scandal, and thy Libels Praise:
As Courts who by a Male-Administration
Have lost all Reverence and Reputation,
With whomsoever 'tis they angry seem,
It recommends 'em to the Worlds esteem:
Just so thy Rhymes who's ill tun'd Pangle harms
Only the Ear, are only read like Charms:
Or if in any thing believ'd they be,
'Tis only there, where they speak ill of thee.

There

There thou haſt Reaſon in thy wrath Dear *Will*,
And may'ſt in Juſtice Rave, and Rail thy fill
Cut to the quick, and point with Steel thy Quill.
The Gangreen there, and foul Corruption ſuch,
Thou need'ſt not fear to lance the Soar too much:
How bold ſo e're be thy Romantic Flight,
Scarce can the Satyr do the Subject right;
But ſpare the pains, and husband thy ſmall ſtore,
Much tho' the Pen, thy Life defames thee more,
Tho' Knave and Fop thy own weak Works agree,
Thy inherent Right, and natural Title be,
'Tis needleſs thus for thy ſelf to beſtow it,
Enough thy talk, enough thy Actions ſhow it;
Thy Time and Ink no more then waſt and ſpill,
Whiffle each moment is diſgracing *Will*:
Thus when thou'ſt whip't up ſome abſurd Lampoon,
Leſt thy true Character ſhou'd not be known,
Whiſper it for a Secret round the Town:

Nay, be ſo eager of a Libellers Fame,
So hot to get a Known, tho an ill Name:
With thy Necks hazard claim anothers Wit,
And Father Treaſon, thou coud'ſt ne're commit,
Soon fall in Love with any, and as quick
Contrive to play 'em ſome falſe treacherous Trick;

Short

Short as thy visits, let thy Friendship last,
And without Business, ever be in haste:
Seiz'd on the sudden with a warlike Freak,
In haste a Journey to *Vienna* take;
But hearing soon how many Turks were near,
In haste much faster scamper home for fear:
In haste a Mistress choose in hast as soon,
Depose her from a Song to a Lampoon,
Which with more speed than Wit about to make
The House at Midnight with thy stamping shake,
And not more fit believing any other,
In haste to finish, put in thy own Brother:
No bounds observing in thy heedless fit,
In *France* abuse a Man of worth for Wit,
In haste as quick on humble Terms submit.
All full of hurry be thy loose behaviour,
In haste for all Things but thy Mistress Favour:
Let the Answer give, thy Soul more pain,
Then Years of deserv'd Rigour and disdain:
Frigid thy self, strive Women to inflame,
And tho thou neither car'st nor know'st to Frame
The Snares to catch, toyl to disturb the Game,
Loves perfect Joys to perfect Men belong,
Seek thou but an occasion for a Song.

Hoping

Hoping Repulse, new Suits thou still art urging,
Thy Pens a prostitute, thy P——ks a Virgin.
How cheap in spite of thy ungodly Wit,
Did'st thou a place amongst the chosen get?
To Gospel promises a Claim procure,
And made thy calling and Election sure.
With ease may'st thou the Fight of Faith maintain,
Thou hast no Carnal appetites to restrain,
Nor any Law dost in thy Members find
To give the least disturbance to thy mind.
Weak from the Womb, a sickly kittling Saint,
Thou cawdles more than Mistresses do'st want.
Yes, Heav'n the Flesh did to the Spirit fit,
Thy Bodies half Abortive like thy Wit.

A POSTSCRIPT.

FInish me one Task more for *Whiffle*'s Muse,
To *Whiffle*, who can a Reproof refuse;
To all that ever did in Satyr bite,
Whiffle by Birth has an unquestion'd Right:
To what e'er Fopperies Man's weak Frame can fall,
Significant *Whiffle* comprehends 'em all:
But be no more with love of Doggrel fir'd,
Much more thy Critick Touches stand admir'd:

For

For Counterfeiting hands, thy far ſpread Fame
Reflects not brighter Glories on thy Name:
Nor did the *Frenchman's* Cloak, which thou did'ſt lay
A likely Plot to have purloin'd away,
Thy Morals more than theſe, thy Brains diſplay.
To Rhyme as looſe, ſome few have had the Art,
But none like thee, profeſt the Judging part.
Tremble *ye Britiſh* Authors, nor your Muſe
To his chaſtizing Cenſure dare produce,
The Deſperate Dauntleſs Critick to condemn,
As quick is, and as abſolute as *Wem:*
Nor minds the Hero in his naſty fit,
Th' Appeals of injur'd Rhetorick and Wit,
Or feels Remorſe, when on the juſteſt Flights,
For flaws in Speech, unluckily he Lights:
Count on thy Buttors *Will*, when thoud'ſt be Nice,
Or like the Ignorant Nice Judge, throw the Dice,
Thou then perhaps may'ſt hit right once in thrice.
On any thing rely but thy own Head,
That will be ſure to Plunder, and Miſlead;
With Reaſon therefore 'tis thou doſt deſire
Inſtruction, and of riper Heads enquire;
But with an old Acquaintance to be plain,
'Tis loſs of time to try, and fruitleſs Pain:

Of

Of the true Tribe of the Diſſenting Band,
Thou'rt gifted to find fault, but not to underſtand;
Thy Whims like theirs, ſcarce cover'd with Pretence,
Come from much Pride, no Learning, and falſe Senſe.
T' accuſe thy *(Fen) Quill* of meaning, now 'tis clear,
'Twas a groſs ſlip, nor will the World forgiv't I fear:
'Tis what cou'd never have been prov'd, I grant,
And here with Shame, my Error I recant;
But for the Engliſh of a meaning Quill,
Of *Hectick Shape* and *Omnipreſent Will*,
Cou'd thy illiterate extempore Wit,
Beyond *Qui Mihi* and the Grammar get,
The Lord firſt ſought, as fit ſuch Heads as thine,
Help'd by the Brethrens much availing Whine,
By enlighten'd Snuffle, and inſpir'd Groan,
Farnaby's Rhetorick may perhaps make known.
Read that much needed Book I adviſe thee *Will*,
If but one hour for once thou can'ſt ſit ſtill,
And to attend to common Senſe endure,
'Twill all thy troubleſome Doubts, and Scruples cure,
The maggotty workings of thy Worm reſtrain,
And fix thy Volatile o'er-heated Brain;
And what above all Gifts thou ſhould'ſt implore,
'Twill never let thee play the Critick more.

For Sir *Frivolous Inſipid*, TO His late Short ANSWER, a Short RETURN.

To thy firſt Stanza, Poetry laid by,
In thy own Porters Language, I reply,
'Tis a Clown's Satyr, and a Raſcal's Lie.

Nothing in Nature, ſo unlike can be,
As is thy fooliſh Smile of me,
Unleſs to a Poet one ſhou'd liken thee.

For the ſtole Slander thou on me did'ſt vent,
If *Scroops*, Heirs and Executors content
To let thee have it, thou haſt my Conſent.

All other Troth, the fret of thy proud Nature,
Throughout ſpeaks Frivolous and empty Prater.
And is but a Subſcribing of that Satyr.

If any other Wrath thou haſt behind,
I'll ſtoop no more thy Muttering to mind,
In *Grub-ſtreet*, or *Snow-hill* thy Matches find.

A FINAL

ANSWER

To all that

LABORIOUS TRIFLE

Has, or may WRITE.

THat ſo much Rhyme you in one Month have Writ,
Concludes point-blank againſt your queſtion'd Wit:
Since your groſs Folly, is by Stealing, ſhown
From that worſt ſort of Poetry, your own.
This merry fulſome Charge of Impotence,
You Word for Word, on *Chetwind* lay'd long ſince;
From the Report one of your Siſters gave,
Whom in the Lurch that treacherous Youth did leave;
That now it comes from you, wou'd make one Smile,
When nothing's ſtiff about you, but your Stile.
Your Tedioufneſs I will no more Accuſe,
'Tis plain, 'twas neceſſary for your Muſe;

A meer Abortion this Raw thing appears,
You Elephants ſhould always go two Years:
At what you Write, none ever Fret or Laugh,
You are the firſt that Threſh'd for only Chaff:
From you we never look for Wit or Senſe,
For Words and Numbers, were your ſole pretence;
But ſince to gain an eaſier Writer's Praiſe,
You do not ſpare to every Line two days:
Your Periods are ſo long, your Lines ſo rough,
Settle on you ne'er writ ſuch wretched Stuff.
I curſe the youthful Follies of my Pen,
And from this Hour, will never Write agen.
The Wiſer will ſome Grains for Youth allow,
I was not half ſo old as you are now.
For Secreſie whoever takes your word,
Will be betray'd, as *Sidney* was by *Howard*.
Your Story of the *Frenchman*'s Cloak ſounds true,
Such things as theſe, I'm often known to do,
Abſurd it ſelf without being told by you.
But for your Man in *France*, of Worth and Wit,
And who did either Quarrel or Submit,
Tell all you know on't in your next Reply,
Or elſe in Silence ſwallow down the Lie.

Of

Of Ladies Favours I no proof can bring;
May all the Sex believe you in this thing:
But you are ſure to ſpeed by your own Rules,
That Fate and Women always Doat on Fools.
Of all Men living, why will you (my Friend)
To Vigour with a Fiſtula pretend;
In what I ſaid of my dead Friend, I glory,
And hope 'twill be recorded in my Story:
None but ſuch ſenſeleſs *Beaſts* as you are, will
Blame one for only knowing to do ill:
Your baſe Apoſtate Muſe, I only thank,
That ſhe does me among *Fanaticks* rank,
Againſt whom conſtantly your Spleen directed,
Shows you believe (what others be ſuſpected;)
That though the Knight does for your Father paſs,
He never Got ſo mean, ſo dull an Aſs.

POSTSCRIPT.

MY Friend will very ſhortly be in Town,
And bring up two tall Footmen of his own.

THE

THE DUEL.

OF *Chinias* and *Damœt*'s ſharper Fight,
I've neither leiſure, nor deſign to write:
Of Blood and Wounds, let bolder Poets ſing,
My Muſe ſhall of our Modern Heroes ſing.
In humble Verſe I'll only dare to tell
How brawny *Bavius* and ſlim *Mœvius* fell
At Odds, and in their bloodleſs Rhyming Strife,
There was no jeopardy of Limbs or Life;
Bold's thy Attempt *Will Mœvius* to Engage
Bob Bavius, the Mac Ninny of the Age:
Redoubled Block-head, eminently Dull,
The *Lyric* Poet, with the ſevenfold Skull;

A Head that's Guarded, has a ſure defence,
Againſt the weak attack of Wit and Senſe.
Thus Arm'd. the mighty Hero takes the Field,
And in his Fiſt a ſwinging Pen does weild,
Drawn from a Swan's white Wing with Art and care,
One of the largeſt Weapons Poets wear:
For Swan and Gooſe, and Crow, ſometimes we ſee,
Afford the Rhyming Crew Artilery.
With this dire Weapon, harmleſs without skill,
He vows to be reveng'd on *Whiffling Will*
Will a pert Youth, a Scandal Scribling Elf,
Whom *Bob* had brought up dully, like himſelf;
He taught his feeble hand to Trail a Quill,
And Nicely did direct him to write ill.
He ſhew'd him firſt the Art, or ſureſt way
Of writing an inſipid *Roundelay*.
Of any word, *Bob* makes a Mercury;
When this *Will* knew, he ſtrait rejects his Sway,
And tho a Minor Block-head, ſcorns t' Obey.
Undone by falſe admirers of his Wit,
For ſome dull Coxcombs prais'd what he had writ.
Pamper'd with Praiſe, the Fop grows proud and vain,
And fooliſh Commendation turn'd his Brain:

This

This made him in Poetick Frenzy, raiſe
Legions of Verſe, to fight for blaſted Bays:
That Snearing, Snivling, Scribling Knight, his Friend,
Has levy'd Rhymes, and both with *Bob* contend,
But ſuch a wretched Rhymer he is found,
With laſting Fame for Dulneſs, he is Crown'd:
Angry at their revolt, with Paſſion wild,
Bob Bavius ſwore he'd ne'er be reconcil'd,
In wrath contracts his Forehead with a Frown,
And with the Pen's But-end knocks poor *Will* down.
Will whips up Crow-Quill in his own defence,
And ſwore the World ſhould judge who writ moſt Senſe.
When Pigmies fight, the Cranes ſtill part the Fray,
And whirl the little Combatants away.
Let this Similitude give no Offence,
For Gyant *Bob* like *Will*'s a Dwarf in Senſe.

Qui Bavium non Odit, Amat tua Carmina Mævi.

SATYR

SATYR

BY THE

Lord *ROCHESTER.*

YOU Smile to ſee me (whom the World per chance
Miſtakes to have ſome Wit) ſo far advance
The intereſt of Fools, that I approve,
Their Merit more, than Mens of Wit, in Love:
But in our Sex, how many proofs there are
Of ſuch whom Wit undoes, and Fools repair.
This in my time, was ſo receiv'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wench in Town, but had her Fool:
The meereſt Common Slut, who long was grown
The Jeſt and Scorn of every Pit Buffoon,

Had yet left Charms enough to have ſubdu'd
Some Fop or other, fond to be thought Lewd.
Foſter wou'd make an Iriſh Lord a *Nokes*,
And *Betty Morice* had her City Coakes:
A Woman's ne'er ſo Ruin'd, but ſhe can
Be ſtill Reveng'd on her Undoer, Man.
How loſt ſo e'er, ſhe'll find ſome Lover more
A more abandon'd Fool, than ſhe's a Whore.
That wretched Thing *Corinna*, who had run
Through all the ſeveral ways of being Undone;
Cozen'd at firſt by Love, and living then
By turning the too dear-bought Trick on Men.
Gay were the Hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When firſt the Town her Early Beauties knew;
Courted, Admir'd, and Lov'd, with Preſents fed;
Youth in her Looks, and Pleaſure in her Bed,
Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
To make her Doat upon a Man of Wit;
Who found 'twas dull to Love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd Jeſt, and went away.
Now Scorn'd by all, Forſaken and Oppreſt,
Shews a *Memento Mori* to the reſt.

Poor

Poor Creature! who unhear'd of, as a Fly
In ſome dark Hole, muſt all the Winter lye;
Both Want and Dirt endure, a whole half Year,
That for one Month ſhe Tawdry may appear:
In *Eaſter* Term, ſhe gets her a New Gown,
When my young Maſter's Worſhip comes to Town,
From Pædagogue and Mother juſt ſet free,
The Heir and Hopes of a great Family,
Which with ſtrong Ale and Beef, the Country Rules;
And ever ſince the Conqueſt, have been Fools:
And now with careful Proſpect to maintain
That Character, (leſt croſſing of the Strain
Should mend the Booby Breed) his Friends provide
A Couſin of his own for his fair Bride.
And thus ſet out——
With an Eſtate, no Wit, and a new Wife,
(The ſolid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life)
(Dung-hill and Peaſe forſook) he comes to Town,
Turns Spark, learns to be Lewd, and is Undone.
Nothing ſuits worſe with Vice, than want of Senſe;
Fools are ſtill Wicked at their own Expence:

This o'er-grown School-Boy, loſt *Corinna* wins,
And at firſt daſh, to make an Aſs begins;
Pretends to like a Man that has not known
The Vanities and Vices of the Town:
Freſh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
Eager of Joys, which he does ſeldom prove;
Healthful and Strong, he does no Pains endure,
But what the Fair one he Adores, can Cure.
Grateful for Favours; does the Sex eſteem,
And Libels none for being kind to him:
Then of the Lewdneſs of the Times complains,
Rails at the Wits and Atheiſts; then maintains
'Tis better than good Senſe, than Pow'r and Wealth,
To have a Love untainted, Youth and Health.
The unbred Puppy, who had never ſeen
A Creature look ſo Gay, or talk ſo Fine,
Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
Mortgages all, e'en to the ancient Seat,
To give his Miſtreſs a new Houſe for Life;
To give her Plate and Jewels, robs his Wife:
And when to th' height of Fondneſs he is grown,
'Tis time to Poyſon him, and all's her own.
Thus meeting in her Common Arms, his Fate,
He leaves his Baſtard Heir to his Eſtate;

And

And as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
His own dull lawful Progeny he Starves.
Nature (who never made a thing in vain,
But does each Insect to some end ordain)
Wisely contriv'd Kind-keeping Fools, no doubt
To patch up Vices, Men of Wit wear out.

VERSES,

Made by a Lady, to a young Gentleman, whom she had casually hurt with her Fan.

SWeet lovely Youth, let not a Woman's Crime,
Obstruct her fair and amorous Design,
Since my Devotion to your Lips is due,
And those fair Eyes are ever in my View.
I wou'd not hurt that pretty Face of yours,
To gain the sight of the Almighty Powers:
Yet hurry'd on too fast by Love and Fate,
I do repent the Favour, but too late;
But I have other Favours yet in store,
Payment at Sight to your Victorious Pow'r:
My rougher Fan, but as a Signal sent,
Of those much softer Blessings that are meant;
I'll heal your Lips, and put you out of Pain,
And Kiss and Kiss you till they're Well again:
I have a Balm can all your Ease restore,
And you will never Sigh and Languish more:
Days, Weeks and Months, we will our Loves renew,
And still Love on till Death. *My Life Adieu.*

Upon

Upon a Gentleman breaking a China *Bowl at a Wedding.*

NEar *Epſom*, at the King of *B—tams* Marriage,
Of late fell out a Comical Miſcarriage:
A certain Beau, newly come out of *France*,
Came there in Maſquerade to have a Dance;
But cutting a back Caper, unaware,
Threw down with fatal Foot, a *China* Jar;
Which with the reſt, when broke upon the Ground,
Confeſs'd the ruin of One hundred Pound;
But he good Man, thinking to ſet good Face on
The Matter, thus beſpoke my Lady *M——on.*
Madam, (quoth he) I humbly beg your Pardon,
And wiſh with all my Heart, this had been ne'er done;
But ſince 'tis ſo, all that I have to ſay,
Is only this, why did it ſtand i'th' way?
The Step it ſelf, was well deſign'd I'll ſwear,
But who the Devil thought of *China* Ware:
If the good Company approve the Dance,
'Twill more than Counter-ballance the Miſchance.

Sir, (quoth the Lady) in an angry Tone,
I ſee Miſchances ſeldom come alone,
My *China* broke, was Grief enough unto me,
But ſuch a Speech as this, will quite undo me:
Therefore let me adviſe you as a Friend,
If any reparation you intend,
Quickly with that unlucky Face retire,
And that is all the Amends that I deſire.

Tho. Cheek, Eſquire.

A New BALLAD,

To an old TUNE, call'd

The SAGE LEAF.

I Sing the Praiſe of a worthy Wight,
Whoſe Father, King *Jemmy*, that never wou'd Fight,
For his Face, but more for his Arſe, made a Knight.
With a Fa la, la la, &c.

This Knight, ſoon after, a Duke became,
And got at the Iſland of *Rhea* ſuch Fame,
That all true Engliſh Curſe *B*——.
With a Fa la la, &c.

This Idol Duke, in that Greatneſs did Swell,
That Honours and Riches before him fell,
Till *Felton* ſent his Soul to Hell.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

And

And now you ſhall hear how mighty the Son,
With that very ſmall Sin of Inceſt begun,
And then to Treaſon and Bugg'ry went on.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

For the Inceſt, Old R——t can tell when and where,
For the Treaſon, the Papers of Old *Oliver*,
And *Kyn*——*ton*'s Arſe knows its Buggerer.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

Now he ſo bravely and nobly begins,
Muſt afterwards think, when ſuch Glory he wins,
Adultry and Treaſon, but trivial things.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

I come to his Facts, which muſt needs be well done,
For *Troy* was not longer before it was won,
Since 'tis more than ten Years, ſince firſt 'twas begun.
With a Fa la, &c.

Yet gathering from Plays, Pimps, and Table Chat,
With the help of his own Canonical Sp.
And his Family Scribe, Anti-chriſtian *Mat.*
With a Fa la, &c.

With

With Tranſcribing of that, and Tranſverſing of thoſe,
With Tranſmuting of Rhyme and Transfuſing of Proſe,
He has dreſs'd his Farce with other Men's Cloaths.
With a Fa la, &c.

His abuſing the Living, and robbing the Dead;
His inverting fine things, which other Men ſaid,
Makes his new way of Writing without Tail or Head.
With a Fa la, &c.

But where the Devil his own Wit does lye,
They muſt have very good Eyes that can ſpye,
Unleſs in the Dances and Mimickry.
With a Fala la, &c.

I confeſs, the Dances were very well writ,
And the Tune and the Time, by *Haynes* as well hit,
And *Littlewood*'s Motion and Dreſs, had much Wit.
With a Fa la, &c.

But when his Poet, *John Bays* did appear,
'Twas known to more than half that was there;
The greateſt part was his own Character.
With a Fa la, &c.

For

For he many years plagu'd his Friends for the Crimes,
With repeating his Verſions and other Mens Rhymes,
To the very ſame Perſons, ten thouſand times.
With a Fa la, &c.

Then his Grace has tormented the Players more
Than the *Howards*, or *Fleckno*, or all the ſtore
Of damn'd dull Rogues they were plagu'd with before.
With a Fa la, &c.

At laſt Learned *B*—— thought it fit,
To cull out the Ancients that wanted no Wit;
To ſhow that he underſtood all they had Writ.
With a Fa la, &c.

But ſure he ſaid this in the heat of his Blood,
For if what the Ancients have written be good,
'Tis in Languages he never yet underſtood.
With a Fa la, &c.

When

When in *France* and in *Spain*, and in *Holland* 'tis known
What mighty Wonders our Stateſman has done,
Twill make 'em all Tremble to hear his Renown.
With a Fa la, &c.

For he that can Libel our Poet, and knows
How to Mimick our Players, in Geſtures and Cloaths,
With eaſe can deſtroy all His Majeſty's Foes.
With a Fa la, &c.

Now the Church he contemns as much as the Quaker;
The Kingdom he'll Ruin, if the Parliament forſake her;
For he ſerves his King as ill as his Maker.
With a Fa la, &c.

For he who forſook him in all his Diſtreſs,
Kill'd the Husband, and keeps the Adultreſs;
Like *Judas*, wou'd Sell him, and ſell him for leſs.
With a Fa la, &c.

He has Mimick'd the King and Duke o'er and o'er,
That Merciful King, who has Pardon'd more
Than all our King's e'er Pardon'd before.
With a Fa la, &c.

That

That a King, who if e'er committed a Crime,
Which to Church and State, may be fatal in time,
It was in extending his Mercy to him.

With a Fa la, &c.

Now grant His Majesty never may find
'Tis fatal to be near a *B*—— Kind,
For his Father was ruin'd by the best of the Kind.

With a Fa la, &c.

A LETTER FROM Mr. SHADWELL, TO Mr. Wicherly.

INſpir'd with high and mighty Ale,
That does with ſtubborn Muſe prevail:
Ale, that makes Tinker mighty Witty,
And makes him Droll out merry Ditty:
Ale, that much ſtrengthens Pedlar's Back,
And makes him lightly trudge with Pack:
With Ale that makes e'en Hunting Sweet,
When Hunters after damn'd Falls meet,
And o'er black Pot together ſet,
All that day's Accidents repeat:
In Rhyme I greet my Friend in Town,
From *Hall* yclepped *Chaderton*.

Parenthesis

Parenthesis is some what long,
But that's excus'd in Verse or Song.
I did salute Friend with Epistle,
Which has by this time wiped his Tayl;
But he when Letters to him come,
With wise *Italian*, answers Mum.
Thus by the way I gently Dun ye
For Letter that is due, not Money:
I'm drinking now with Lusty *Parson*,
Such as in *London* there is scarce one;
'Tis true, in Latin they may quell him,
For *Alum Stalum non est Malum*,
Is all the Latin he can Conster,
Who in his drink is a meer Monster;
He out-does *Clements*, the World's wonder,
Nay more, he can make me knock under.
Nor cou'd I e'er be forc'd to say
White C——t I love thee, 'till this day;
But that he's now out of my reach,
To be reveng'd, I'd hear him Preach:
Were there of strong Ale here a full pit,
He'd make no more down Throat to gulp it,
Than belch out Uses in a Pulpit.

Which

Which he can do when e'er he will,
Eaſily as I can Shite with Pill.
In fine, this Prieſt has mighty Pow'r
At Supernaculum, and drinks more
At ſix Go-downs on Reputation,
Than e'er a Levite in the Nation.
But now to leave off Country Story,
Which tediouſly I've laid before ye,
Pray let me know what's done in City,
Among the Briſk, the Gay, the Witty:
If at the Theatres they talk aloud,
And about Whores in Vizards crowd;
If they break Windows when they're Drunk,
And at late hours, wake *Whetſtone*'s Punk,
That has all day been hard at Service,
With Clerk and Prentice, *Tim* and *Gervas*
If being with powerful Drink made able,
Like doubty Knights, they Aſſault Conſtable
What Poets now with Plays or Farces:
To whipping Criticks, turn up Arſes;
Criticks that Damn with little Wit
As *Ned*, or *Flecko* ever writ;
This and that, what other News in Town
Occurs, take pains and ſend it down,

While you of Stum, Alom and Sloes,
Moloſſus, Arſnick, Lime, take Doſe,
From Roguy Vintner, and do venture
Your Life, when you in Tavern enter;
In White-wine, Claret, Sack, or Hockum,
Beyond the Cure of Doctor *Stockum*,
And pay dear for't: We can Carouſe
For *Harry* Groat, in low Thatch-houſe,
With Country Juſtice, or with Squire,
With ſleek Black-pot o'er good Coal-fire,
Like your true Engliſhmen in Ale,
That's Wholſom, Nappy, Clear and Stale.
While you to *Chloris*, or to *Phillis*,
(Who's as Expenſive as *Su Willis*,)
Muſt Cringe, and humbly vail your Bonnet,
And full of Wine and Love, make Sonnet:
For Treat of Ale, or at moſt Brandy,
We can have wholſom Laſs that's handy,
That will lye down with all her heart:
Here Love is Nature, there 'tis Art,
Whilſt you of Politics talk much
Of Jealouſies 'twixt French and Dutch;
Of ſetting Fleet out, raiſing Forces,
And talk of Dogs, and Hawks, and Horſes.

Inſtead

Instead of *Phillis*, or of *Chloris*,
Who with you no better than a Whore is
We here remember in a full Can,
Dear Jowler, Ruffler, Towser, Vulcan,
Or Dog that is of high Renown,
That famous Mouth, or Nose does own:
Which sure is much a worthier Creature,
Than *London Punk* of brightest Feature.
But now 'tis late, Post will not stay,
But like old Time, will flye away;
To Morrow he's to dust a Stand,
That is your Servant to Command.

THE ANSWER.

THat I have only answer'd Mum,
To Letter which long since did come,
It is confest,
But that it never kiss'd my Bum,
Is but a Jest.
I will not make you vain Excuses,
Which between senseless Fops the use is:
Those civil Fops, who without bidding,
Forswear themselves to shew good Breeding;
But Faults forgiven when confest
You are as Merciful as Priest;
No business for my self or Friend
Was 'cause I Letter did not send,
Nor F—cking can like you pretend.
For sure you cannot drink and F—ck,
Like Husband of St. *James*'s Duck;
Those by your leave, are mighty Talents,
Which only meet in wadling Gandants;

You I believe in low Thatcht-houſe,
With *Cloris Vicar* do Carouſe,
And Kiſs his Ruby and Clip'en;
But *Thomas*, you F—ck now in Shipen:
That's an Employment does not ſuit ye,
'Tis for your Officer a Duty:
So to each other Reaſon do,
You drink for him, he F—cks for you.
With Nut-brown Bowl at long Hall-Table,
You make't appear how you are able,
In Shipen, he with Nut-brown Bauble.
While you for him, make Neighbour Drunk,
He keeps your word with Bare foot Punk;
Such as you call cheap wholſom Doxy,
Who will not Beggar you, nor Pox ye:
Such as for Apron green and Shoon,
In Ditch with Tinker, will lye down,
But ſhe for Money will Swive none;
For poor Whore's Lace to garniſh Pinner,
You may *Tom* (if you can) get in her;
For Shoe-ſtrings blue, or Inkle Garters,
You may too get between her Quarters;
For F—cking ſhe believes no Sin is,
But taking the Half-Crown; or Guinea's.

But ſtay I think you News beſpoke,
Of what is done, 'mong our Town Folk.
Know then there is an end of Lent,
And Money given by Parliament,
Yet Nation ſtill muſt Faſt, and eke repent.
By Prorogation ſome Ajourn
To'th the Fleet, 'till Priviledge return,
To *Ireland*, or *Geneva* ſome,
'Till theirs, and Court wants call 'em home:
To *Dunkirk*, *Paris*, or *Mompelier*,
Cauſe of Conſumptions they are ill here,
And in a hundred other Cities,
Our Commons ſit in cloſe Committees:
So *Bayliff-Bum* like *Noll* ſo fierce
Can prating Multitude diſperſe,
And with their Priviledge wipe his Arſe.
Now you wou'd know ſome *White-hall* News,
But my Obnoxious wary Muſe
For want of Ale, begs your Excuſe.
Yet you may know that from *French* King
Is lately come a well-bred Thing,
Who is not with a Challenge ſent,
But with a Mourning Complement,

A formal Melancholy Drolling
Which Folks do uſe to call Condoling;
By which *French* King we muſt infer,
Is ſorry, Dukes a Widdower,
But Dukes not ſorry I dare Swear.
The Players, who had loſt their Tongues
For Grief, again now ſtretch their Lungs,
And drunken Punk and Fop do ſit
And brawl and ſweat and ſtink in Pit;
And then in *Hide-Park* do repair
To make a Duſt and take no Air,
And ſhortly, your Friend *Vinegar*,
With whip in hand will make a Ring
While *Brawny* North, the Weſt doth fling,
And then I hope you'l come to Town
With Captain, who is new gone down,
I wou'd turn o're the Leafe, but know
My Muſe has tyr'd her ſelf and you.

And ſo Adieu.

SATYR ON THE POETS.

IN

Imitation of the Seventh SATYR of *JUVENAL.*

Et Spes, & Ratio Studiorum, &c.

ALL my Endeavours, all my Hopes depend
On you, the Orphans, and the Muſes Friend:
The only great good Man, who will declare
Virtue, and Verſe the Objects of your care,
And prove a Patron in the worſt of times:
When Hungry *Bayes* forſakes his empty Rhymes,
Beſeeching

Beſeeching all true Catholicks Charity
For a poor Proſelyte, that long did lye
Under the Mortal Sins of Verſe and Hereſie.

Shadwell and ſtarving *Tate* I ſcorn to Name;
Poets of all Religion are the ſame:
Recanting *Settle*, brings the tuneful Ware,
Which wiſer *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge* Fair:
Proteſts his Tragedies and Lybels fail
To yield him Paper, penny Loaves and Ale;
And bids our Youth, by his Example fly
The love of Politicks, and Poetry.
And all Retreats, except *Newhall*, refuſe
To ſhelter ſtarving *Durfey*'s Jocky Muſe:
There to the Butler, and her Graces Maid,
He turns like *Homer*, Sonnettier for Bread:
Knows his juſt Bounds; nor ever durſt aſpire
Beyond the ſwearing Grooms, and Kitchin Fire.

Is there a Man to theſe Examples blind,
To Clinking Numbers fatally deſign'd,
Who, by his Parts wou'd purchaſe Meal and Fame,
And in next Miſcellanies plant his Name?

Were

Were my Beard grown, the wretch I'd thus adviſe;
Repent fond Mortal, and be timely wiſe;
Take heed, nor be by guilded Fops betray'd
Clio's a Jilt, and *Pegaſus* a Jade.
By Verſe you'l ſtarve; *John Saul* cou'd never live,
Unleſs the Bell-Man made the Poet thrive:
Go rather, in ſome little Shed by *Pauls*,
Sell *Chivy Chaſe*, and *Baxter*'s Salve for Souls.
Cry Rara Shows, ſing Ballads, Tranſcribe Votes,
Be *Care*, or *Ketch*, or any thing, but *Oates*.

Hold Sir, ſome Bully of the Muſes Cryes,
Methinks you're more Satyrical, than Wiſe:
You rail at Verſe indeed; but rail in Rhime;
At once incourage, and condemn the Crime.

True Sir, I write, and have a Patron too,
To whom my Tributary Songs are due;
Yet with your leave I'de honeſtly diſſuade
Thoſe wretched Men from *Pindus* barren Shade:
Who, tho they tire their Muſe and rak their Brains,
With bluſtring Heroes, and with piping Swains,
Can no Great patient giving Man engage
To fill their Pockets, and their Title Page.

Were

Were I like these unhappily Decreed
By penny Elegies to get my Bread;
Or want a Meal, unless *George Croom* and I
Cou'd strike a Bargain for my Poetry:
I'd damn my Works, to wrap up Soap and Cheese,
Or furnish Squibs for City Prentices;
To burn the Pope, and Celebrate Queen *Bess*.

But on; your ruin stubbornly pursue;
Her'd with the hungry little Chiming Crew,
Obtain the empty Title of a Wit,
And be a free-cost Noisie in the Pit,
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Laurel, and a Meager Face:
And may just Hea'vn thy hated Life prolong,
'Till thou t-lest Author! See'st thy deathless Song
The dusty Lumber of a *Smithfield* Stall,
And find thy Picture starch'd to Suburb Wall,
With *Jony Armstrong*, and the Prodigal.

And, to compleat the Curse,
When Age, and Poverty comes faster on,
And sad Experience tells thou art undone:

May no kind Country Grammar School afford
Ten Pound a year, for Lodging, Bed and Board,
Till void of any fix'd Employ, and now
Grown Uſeleſs to the Army, and the Plow,
Youv'e no Friend left, but Truſting Landlady,
Who ſtows you in hard Truckle Garret high,
To dream of Dinner, and Curſe Poetry.

Sir, I've a Patron, you reply; 'tis true,
Fortune and Parts, you ſay may get one too:
Why Faith, e'en try; Write, Flatter, Dedicate,
My Lord's and his Fore-fathers Deeds relate;
Yet know, he'll wiſely ſtrive ten thouſand ways
To ſhun a needy Poet's fulſom Praiſe:
Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
Neglect his State, and condeſcend to be
A Poet, tho perhaps he's worſe than thee.

Thus from a Patron, he becomes a Friend;
Forgetting to Reward, learns to Commend:
Receives your twelve long Months ſucceſsful Toil,
And talks of Author's Energy and Stile;
Damns the dull Poems of the Scribling Town,
Applauds your Writing, and Eſteems his own:

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt thou in Complaiſance oblig'd muſt ſit
To extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit;
And wrapt with his Eſſay on Poetry,
Swear *Horace* writ not half ſo ſtrong as he,
But that we're partial to Antiquity.
Yet this Authentick Peer perhaps ſcarce knows,
With Jingling Sounds to tag inſipid Proſe,
And ſhou'd be by, ſome Honeſt *Manly*, told
H'had loſt his Credit, to ſecure his Gold.

But if thou'rt bleſ'd enough to write a Play,
Without the hungry hopes of kind Third-day,
And he preſumes that to thy Dedication
Thou'lt fix his Name, not bargain for the Station;
My Lord his uſeleſs Kindneſs then aſſures,
And to the utmoſt of his power, he's Yours:
How fine your Plot! how exquiſite your Scene!
And play'd at Court, 'twould ſtrangely pleaſe the Queen!
And you may take his Judgment ſure, for he
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry,
And might with equal Juſtice, have put in
For Poet Laureat, as Lord Chamberlain.
All this you ſee and know, yet ceaſe to ſhun,
And ſeeing, knowing, ſtrive to be Undone.

So

So Kid-napp'd Dutcheſs, once beyond *Graves-end*,
Rejects the Council of recalling Friend;
Is told the dreadful Bondage ſhe muſt bear
And ſees, unable to avoid the Snare.
So practic'd Thief, oft Taken, ne'er diſmay'd,
Forgets the Sentence, and purſues the Trade;
Tho yet he almoſt feels the Smoaking Brand,
And ſad *J. R.* ſtands freſh upon his Hand.

The Author then, whoſe daring hopes wou'd ſtrive
With well built Verſe, to keep his Fame alive,
And ſomething to Poſterity preſent,
Tha'ts very New, and very Excellent,
Something beyond the uncall'd drudging Tribe,
Beyond What *Bays* can write, or I deſcribe,
Shou'd in ſubſtantial Happineſs abound,
His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty crown'd:
No early *Duns* ſhould break his learned Reſt,
No ſawcy Cares, his nobler Thoughts moleſt;
Only the God within ſhould ſhake his lab'ring Breaſt.

In vain we from our Sonnettiers require
The height of *Cowley*'s and *Anacreon*'s Lyre:
"In vain we bid him fill the Bowl,
"Large as their capacious Soul,

Who

Who ſince the King was Crown'd, ne'er taſted Wine,
But riſe at Eight, and know not where to Dine.
In vain, we bid dejected *Settle* hit
The Tragick Flights of *Shakeſpear*'s towring Wit;
He needs muſt miſs the Mark, who's kept ſo low
He ſcarce has ſtrength enough to draw the Bow.
Sidley indeed and *Rocheſter* might Write,
For their own Credit, and their Friends Delight,
Shewing how far they cou'd the reſt out-do,
As in their Fortunes, ſo their Writings too;
But ſhou'd Drudge *Dryden* his Example take,
And *Abſaloms* for empty Glory make,
He'd ſoon perceive his Income ſcarce enough,
To feed his Noſtrils with Inſpiring Snuff,
Starving for Meat, nor ſurfeiting on Praiſe,
He'd find his Brain as barren as his *Bays*.
There was a time When *Otway* Charm'd the Stage;
Otway the Hopes, the Sorrow of our Age!
When the full Pitt with pleas'd attention hung, *In the Orphan.*
Wrap'd with each Accent from *Caſtalia*'s Tongue:
With what a Laughter was his Soldier read!
How Mourn'd they, when his *Jaffier* Struck and Bled!

Yet

Yet this beſt Poet, tho with ſo much eaſe,
He never drew his Pen, but ſure to pleaſe:
Tho Lightning were leſs lively than his Wit,
And Thunder-claps leſs loud than thoſe o'th' Pit.
He had of's many Wants, much earlier dy'd,
Had not kind Banker *Betterton* ſupply'd,
And took for Pawn, the Embrio of a Play,
Till he could pay himſelf the next Third-day

Were *Shakeſpear*'s ſelf alive again, he'd ne'er
Degenerate from a Poet to a Player.
Cartel i'th' new rais'd Troops preferr'd we ſee,
And chatt'ring *Montfort* in the *Chancery*:
Montfort how fit for Politicks and Law,
That play'd ſo well Sir *Courtly* and *Jack Daw*!
Dance then Attendance in ſlow *Mougrave*'s Hall,
Read Mapps, or court the Sconces till he call;
One Actor's Commendation ſhall do more,
Than Patron now, or Merit heretofore.
Some Poets I confeſs, the Stage has fed,
Who for Half-crowns are thrown, for two pence read;
But theſe not envy thou, nor imitate,
But rather Starve in *Shadwell*'s ſilent Fate,
Than new vamp Farces, and be Damn'd with *Tate*

For

For now no *Sidney* will three hundred give,
That needy *Spencer*, and his Fame may live.
None of our Nobility will ſend
To the *King's-Bench*, or to his *Bethlem* Friend.
Chymiſts and Whores, by *Buckingham* were fed,
Thoſe by their honeſt Labours gain'd their Bread;
But he was never ſo expenſive yet,
To keep a Creature meerly for his Wit:
And *Cowley*, from all *Clifden*, ſcarce cou'd have
One Grateful Stone, to ſhow the World his Grave.

Pembrook lov'd Tragedy, and did provide
For Butchers Dogs, and for the whole Bank-ſide:
The *Bear* was fed; but Dedicating *Lee*
Was thought to have a larger Paunch than he.
More I cou'd ſay; but care not much to meet
A Crab-Tree Cudgel, in a narrow Street:
Beſides, your Yawning prompts me to give o're,
Your humble Servant, not one word more.

A Long

PROLOGUE

TO A

Short PLAY.

SPOKEN

By a Woman at OXFORD, *Dreſt like a Sea Officer.*

WIth *Monmouth* Cap, and Cutlace by my ſide,
Strutting at leaſt a Yard at every ſtride,
I'm come to tell you, (after much Petition)
The Admiralty has given me a Commiſſion:
And now with Bully *Tourville* I'll Ingage,
And try my Fortune on a floating Stage:
What bluſtring *Tarr* at this dare take offence,
While I ſtand thus to prove my juſt pretence?
Will he pretend to Fight better than I?
S'Death I'd tell him Dam you, Sir, you lie,
And then I'd ask him how they fought at *Rye*.

Your

Your *Bantry* Buſineſs too was but a Fetch,
Where you call Running, Batt'ring on a Stretch.
But you'l reply your Leaders were to blame
While I'le condemn you all to bear the ſhame:
For who the Devil e'er refus'd his Meat,
Becauſe another had no mind to eat?
The *Dutch* were drunk you barbarouſly ſay,
Pray you be drunk too next time, ſo you'l ſtay;
For 'twas your ſober fighting loſt the day,
For which two Millions we at leaſt muſt pay.
Old *Albemarle* wou'd ſay, that Men of War
In Navy ſtunk not half enough of Tarr:
Your o're grown Pages, and Attornies Clerks,
To fight and govern Fleets, are proper Sparks.
Then let the ſpruce Land-Pyrats be content,
To ſwagger in their Native Element,
And let Tarpaulins rule by my conſent.
For things look now, as if Men took Commiſſion
To damn all Diſcipline and ſow Sedition,
And fighting, was the leaſt of their Ambition.
No matter who comes home with broken bones,
So you but come to touch the Pattacoons:
The Pitch of Honour is Deſire of Money,
That paultry Coward Vice, has quite undone you;

You Court Preferment on no other ſcore,
But to be poorly Rich, and baſely Poor;
For who would not propoſe a Trip to *Spain*,
That in his Proſpect has a double gain,
To line his Pockets, and to ſave his Skin?
For none muſt Fight with Merchants Money in.
Your Heads run round with *Mexico* and *Sevil*,
I wiſh the Landing place was at the Devil;
Wou'd the good King had but a juſt Relation,
He'd quickly damn your Trade of Importation.
And add it to the Act of Navigation;
But how then ſhall we live, you Murmurers ſay,
S'life, can't you be ontent with double Pay?
Show us your double Merit, Sirs, I pray.
Some have got two Commands by Land and Sea,
While one might ſafely ſwear (might he be free)
They're neither Fleſh, nor Fiſh, nor good Red-Herring.
Theſe are your Collonels, & Captains, with a Murren;
Boldly to theſe two Elements you aſpire,
But at an awful diſtance, ſtill you fire.
A few there are, and thoſe a very few,
To whom a fairer Character is due.
Time was, when Captains went on their own Errands,
And in their Pockets carry'd their Preſs-Warrants;

Now

Now you employ the Villains of the Fleet,
While you Date from the Downs in *Bedford-Street*.
But Times are alter'd, 'tis now as then,
For now you Preſs the Money, and ſpare the Men;
Thoſe plain dull Fellows, no ſuch Secrets found
To make Preſs-Warrants, worth a hundred pound
Is it our Fate, our Frailty or Diſeaſe,
To truſt our Honour in ſuch hands as theſe?
Raw in their Trades, their Principles not Right
With Hearts too Tender, and with Heads too Light,
Too weak for Counſel, and too nice to Fight.
Their bodies are not made of battering ſtuff,
Their Cracknel Carcaſſes not Splinter-proof:
And yet will fairly tell a Sailers Tale,
But muſt attempt it in a Coat of Mail.
Some Swagg'ring Bully ſnaps me ſhort and ſwears,
Damme, this Woman wou'd fain be kick'd down Stair
But by your leave Sirs, do you fight at Sea,
And then kick down the Monument for me:
The Parliament may plague us with Taxation,
But till they cure this Grievance of the Nation,
Monſieur will make the Narrow Seas his Station.
Then what becomes of all our antient Rule,
Our Right from *Edgar*, and Command from *Thule*?

Believe me Sirs, it will be then confes'd,
Your Flag's a Diſhelout, and your Claim a Jeſt:
The hardy Duke we mention'd, whoſe great Name,
Stretch'd the blown Cheeks of Trumpet-ſounding Fame.
Once bravely try'd what Engliſh-Men cou'd do,
But ſuch Examples, who dare now purſue?
A four-days Fight he glorioufly Maintain'd,
And what he loſt in Blood, in Honour Gain'd.
To keep that ſpotleſs, be the Ocean ſtain'd.
Each Day he Tack'd, and Fought from Sun to Sun,
At leaſt againſt the Odds of two to one:
Had you been there Sirs, what wou'd you have done,
He ne're ſtood ſhall I, ſhall I, ſpring a-loof,
But Fought as if his Skin was Cannon-proof:
Then, all that can be ſaid to do you Right,
You'll keep the Wind as long as he did Fight.

TO

TO THE QUEEN.

1690.

ARiſe my Muſe, and to my tuneful Lyre
Compoſe a mighty ODE,
Whoſe Charming Nature may inſpire
The Boſom of ſome liſt'ning God
To Conſecrate thy bold attempting Verſe,
And *Gloriana*'s Fame diſperſe
O'er the wide Confines of the Univerſe.

Ye Sons of Muſick, raiſe your Voices high,
And like your Theme, be your bleſt Harmony:
Then ſound your Inſtruments, and Charm the Earth
Upon this Sacred day of *Gloriana*'s Birth.

See how the glitt'ring Ruler of the day
From the cool Boſom of the Sea,
Drives with ſpeed away,
And does the Jolly Earth's attending Planets all
To wanton Revels call;
Who from the Starry Eaſt and Weſt,
To Celebrate this day make haſte;
And in new Robes of Glory dreſt
Dance in a Solemn Ball!

Hail Gracious *Gloriana*, Hail!
May ev'ry future Year
Row! on, unknown to Care!
May each propitious Morn ariſe,
Bright as your Vertue, charming as your Eyes;
And each ſucceeding Hour new Pleaſures bring,
To make the Muſes yearly Sing,
Hail, Gracious *Gloriana*, Hail!

And ſince the Time's Diſtreſs to War's Alarms,
Calls the lov'd Monarch from your Arms,
Your *Phœbus* does to lower Spheres decline,
Only to riſe again, and with more luſtre ſhine.

To

To quell his Country's Foes,
Behold, the God-like Heroe goes,
Fated and Born to Conquer all,
The Great, the Vulgar, and the Small:
To hunt the Savages from Dens;
To teach 'em Loyalty and Senſe,
And Sacred Souls of the true Faith convince.

But *Oh*! I ſee *Euſebia* drown'd in Tears!
The Sad *Euſebia* Mourning wears,
And in dejected State
Thus Mourns her helpleſs Fate:
Ah, wretched me! muſt *Cæſar* for my ſake,
Theſe fatal Dangers undertake?
No, no, ye awful Powers, no, no,
Fate muſt ſome meaner Force employ;
Fate muſt not let him go:
But Glory cries, go on, Illuſtrious Man,
Leave not the Work undone,
Thou haſt ſo well begun.
Go on, Great Prince, go on

See, see, all *Europe* have their Eyes
On the great Enterprize!
Advance thy darling Shield,
And haste thee to the Field:
Haste, haste to Honour and Renown;
Honour, that on the Hero's Brow shines brighter than (a Crown.

Now with a tuneful Harmony,
Exalt your Voices high,
And with your skilful Melody
Raise *Gloriana*'s Grief to Joy:
Bring warbling Lutes to hush her Cares;
Bring moving Flutes, to charm her Ears:
Ah! may their soft'ning Influence,
Each Passion calm, please ev'ry Sense!
Then let her never Mourn:
Great *Cæsar*'s Absence short will be,
And Glorious his Return.

TO

TO THE

QUEEN,

UPON

The Anniverſary of His Majeſty's BIRTH-DAY, *November* the 4*th*. 1690.

LOng aw'd with Modeſty and conſcious Fear,
Deſiring, but not daring to draw near,
A Throne ſo formidably Fenc'd as yours,
Where Majeſty ſurrounds, and Power ſecures;
Yet ſeing ſo many with Succeſs approach,
My Trembling Muſe———
At length preſumes the Sacred Mount to touch.

Oh!

Oh! Greateſt, Beſt, moſt Beautious of your Kind,
Whom Heav'n for an Original deſign'd,
In whoſe alone Examplar, one may view
What Vertue, Charms, and Soveraignty can do:
Perfections leſs than yours have made *Rome* bold
To give us Saints and Goddeſſes of Old.
Humbler Divinities in them were ſeen,
Than are in ſo adorable a Queen.
In whom, her happy Worſhippers do own,
That Birth's her leaſt pretention to a Crown:
Scepters are in her Eyes, her Looks give Awe,
Than which, her Subjects need no other Law;
They have no want of either Force or Arts,
To get our All, who once have got our Hearts;
Which, except you, ſince Fam'd *Eliz'beth*'s Reign,
None of our Princes did entirely gain:
And none cou'd merit them ſo well as you,
Who with a Queen, a King preſents us too:
For tho the Hero was the Gift of Heaven,
The All-Victorious King by you was given:
Unlike to other Queens——
Your glorious Labours end where theirs began,
They brought Weak Children, you a *Finiſh'd Man.*

High

High Benefactreſs to the *Britiſh* Throne,
Which ne'er before with double Luſtre ſhone;
And now the glad and ſignal day is come,
Which gave this Champion firſt to *Chriſtendom*,
The Joy of *England*, and the Grief of *Rome*:
Whoſe Powers to quell and Plots to Countermine,
Heav'n ſeem'd at firſt the Hero to deſign;
His Birth-day to the World did this declare
To us, the day of his Arrival here;
When a Crown'd Head lay Proſtrate at his Feet,
And Armies ran their Conqueror to meet;
When *Scotch* Submiſſions early led the Van,
And *Iriſh* Triumphs help'd to fill the Train:
Such Joys ſerve yet his Birth-day to adorn,
But our Great Prince for higher things was Born;
France too, muſt feel the Vigor of his Sword,
And her proud *Lewis* own him for his Lord;
Whoſe vapouring Fleet ſhall humbly then confeſs,
England again their Sovereign of the Seas.
Then will the mighty Allies too confer
To Celebrate their bleſs'd Deliverer.
Of other Birth days, theſe ſhall be the Joys,
While he the Foes of God and Man deſtroys,

Relieves

Relieves the Empire, Comforts the Oppreſt,
Reſtores the *Refugees*, Confirms the reſt,
And *Britain* all this while is happy ſeen,
Beneath the peaceful Rule of her bright Queen:
Whilſt her great King his Armies does employ
In Conquering Scepters for his Queen to Sway.

A LITANY, 1681.

By Mr. *J. Ayloff.*

FRom the Lawleſs Dominion of Mitre and Crown,
Whoſe Tyranny is ſo abſolute grown,
That Men become Slaves to the Altar and Throne,
And can neither their Bodies nor Souls call their own.
Libera nos Domine.

From a Reverend Py-bald Theologic Profeſſor,
A Proteſtant Zealous for a Popiſh Succeſſor,
Who for a great Biſhoprick ſtill leaves a leſſer,
And ne're will die Martyr, nor make good Confeſſor,
Libera, &c.

From Deans and Chapters who live at their eaſes,
Whoſe Letchery is in renewing Church-Leaſes,
Who live in Cathedrals like Maggots in Cheeſes,
And like Abby-Lubbers ſtew in their own Greaſes,
Libera, &c.

From

From *C*-----*dge* and *O*----*d* Scholastical Fry,
Those Lechers who with their Landresses lie,
The Wants of Church and State to supply,
That Religion and Learning may never die.
Libera, &c.

From a comfortable Importance Divine,
A Surfingle Parson in Silk Cassock fine,
Who loves not Tobacco, nor Women, nor Wine,
Nor any Religion but in the Right Line,
Libera, &c.

From a Spruce Court-Chaplain, whose Pulpit rings
With a *Jus Divinum* of Bishops and Kings,
And from true Scripture false Evidence brings,
That King-craft and Priesthood are two Sacred things,
Libera, &c

From a Minister of the English Church breed,
Mother Churches own Son by Episcopal Seed,
Who turns to Burlesque the Lord's Prayer and Creed,
And could the whole Bible ridicule for a need,
Libera, &c.

From

From a ſcandalous limping Litigious Vicar,
Of whom his Pariſh grows ſicker and ſicker,
Who taught his dull Maid to grow quicker & quicker,
And ſtole the Silver Tankard when he drank out the Liquor,

Libera, &c.

From a Ceremony-Monger who Rails at Diſſenters,
And damns Nonconformiſts when the Pulpit he enters
Yet all the week after his own Soul he venters,
With being ſo drunk that he cutteth *Indenters*,

Libera, &c.

From a Boy Ordain'd, who yet Beard has none,
A Journyman-Levite to ſome Dignify'd Drone,
Who, whatever Text he Preaches upon,
Still Prates of Rebellion and Forty One,

Libera, &c.

From the Pope's Champion that Scribbles everlaſting,
On whom one Sir *Cook* beſtow'd a dry baſting,
Cauſe in his old age young Fleſh he'd be taſting,
And now Writes for Bread to keep him from Faſting,

Libera, &c.

From a Proteſtant Church where a Papiſt muſt Reign,
From an *Oxford* Parliament called in vain,
Which, becauſe *Fitzharris* the Plot would make plain,
Was Diſſolv'd in a fright, and ſent home again,
Libera, &c.

From Fools and Knaves, and Prerogative Tories,
From a Clergy who for the Babyloniſh Whore is,
From a Prince like a Pear who rotten at Core is,
From a Court has had Millions, yet ſtill as *Job* poor is,
Libera, &c.

From the French at *Whitehall*, and the Engliſh at *Paris*,
From *Dangerfield*'s Plot out-done by *Fitzharris*,
From this and that, and the ſelf-ſame thing,
From the King of *F*----- and the *French* King,
Libera nos Domine.

AN

AN EPITAPH ON Paſſive Obedience.

IN hopes of ſudden Reſurrection,
Certain and ſure, beneath this Stone
Paſſive Obedience lyes Interr'd
By Church of *England* Men averr'd
As long as forc'd, they were Preferr'd
She was not long ſince in great Favour
As any Doctrin of our Saviour.
With *Bur. Still.* and Father *Pa——ck*,
Tho ſome will tell you, 'twas but a Trick,
To curry Favour with the Crown,
And make Preferments all their own:
But when ſhe brought them into Danger,
They all with one conſent, cry'd Hang her:
Wherefore ſhe was Arraign'd and Try'd,
Condemn'd and Sentenc'd, thus ſhe dy'd,

Ætat. Suæ. 1688.

Beware you Chriſtian Doctors all,
And ſet before your Eyes her Fall:
Beware I ſay, how you conteſt,
With that Supream Grace, Intereſt;
For her great Crimes upon her Tryal,
Was Anti-chriſtian *Self-denial.*

THE

THE PROGRESS.

IN former days, when Men had Senſe,
And Reaſon rul'd both Peer and Prince;
When Honeſty no Crime was thought,
And Churchmen no Sedition taught;
When Soldiers for their Pay would fight,
Without diſputing Wrong or Right;
When each Mechanick kept his Trade,
E'er Taylor's Yards were Scepters made;
Before each Coffee-Club durſt prate,
Or pry into Affairs of State:
When *Quaker* was a Name unknown,
And e'er the *Bull and Mouth* cou'd Groan;
Before each *Anabaptiſt* Brother
To cheat the Church, *Baptiz*'d each other;
E'er Non-conformiſts belch'd forth Lies,
Or Siſters turn'd up Whites o'th' Eyes;
E'er *Levi*'s Tribe were uſeleſs made,
By Preachers of a Foreign Trade;

Before each Cobler's dirty Paw,
Sully'd the Goſpel and the Law;
E'er Women had the Gift to Preach,
And to their Cuckolds Patience teach;
E'er it was heard a Q—— did bear,
In Proteſtant Land a Popiſh *Heir*,
And e'er at Eight Months end 'twas known
A Child was born without a Groan:
E'er Thirty Thouſand Engliſh Men,
March'd out of Town, and in agen;
And e'er an Enemy appear'd,
Scamper'd, the Child by *Goblin* ſcar'd:
E'er three fair Realms were thrown away,
And loſt without one Scarlet day;
And e'er two Millions by the Year,
Was deem'd not worth a Monarch's care:
E'er Kings wou'd quit ſo great Revenue,
T' indulge a Q—— brought not a Penny;
Or leave his Grandeur, Court and State,
And for a Tyrant's Favour wait,
To be a Fugitive declar'd,
Is ſuch a Frolick ne'er was heard.
When like the King of Gipſies, we
Covet to live on Charity,

And think another's Scraps more ſweet,
Than our own Table's choiceſt Meat.
To be in fear of giving Offence,
Leſt they ſhould Compliment us thence;
E'er any of theſe things were known,
In Ages that are paſt and gone:
When Kings were Kings, and Men were Men,
(Will ever be ſuch days agen?)
Twas e'er His Holineſs's Neece
More Infamous than her of *Greece*,
Compleated *England*'s Happineſs;
When ſhe was made the lawful Mother
Of *Tyler*'s Children's youngeſt Brother;
Who was Begot, or Born or Made
A Prince of *Wales* in Masquerade;
Apparent Heir to Kingdoms three,
That never were, nor e'er will be.
I ſay, e'er all theſe things befell,
Which now long ſince, no Tongue can tell;
Then were the Golden days, if any;
But I believe there were not many;
For to be ſure, ſince Woman was,
Man's Character was but an Aſs.

That this is Truth, there needs no more
To prove what I have ſaid before,
Than what we read in *James*'s Life,
And of his more renowned Wife;
Who ſtood poſſeſs'd of Power and Wealth,
And did abound in all but Health;
Which was impair'd in days of yore,
When firſt we learn'd the Art to Whore;
When Man was ſubject to Miſhap,
And Woman had the Gift to Clap;
When *Morbus Gallicus* gave place
To that deriv'd from *Scotiſh Race*;
And Counteſſes were grown as Common
And Pocky as Night-walking Women:
Theſe with another damn'd Miſchance,
Forc'd him of late to viſit *France*,
Who conſcious is of ſhedding Blood,
(His own 'tis always underſtood;)
And tho he ne'er had Maw to Fight,
Nor do his Friends or Country Right,
Abounds both in Revenge and Spight.
And if he e'er regains this Iſle,
He'll turn it to one Funeral Pile.

Nor

Nor does he want in Will, but Power,
To make both Peer and Peaſant Scow'r:
Pity has long ſince left his Breaſt,
'Twas never there a welcom Gueſt:
Such men are ne'er prepar'd to die,
And 'twas that Motive made him *Fly*;
Elſe none at ſuch a time o'th' Year,
When Maggots work not, thus wou'd Steer;
Unleſs from *Bedlam* broken out,
And the moſt ſenſeleſs of that Rout;
For in No Country I remember
A Monarch's Progreſs in *December*.

THE

THE SOLILOQUI.

MY Fleets, my Caſtles, and my Towns,
Wealth, Magazines, and three fair Crowns,
My Territories in each Zone,
From th' riſing to the ſetting Sun;
My Narrow Seas, the boundleſs Deep,
Where I my floating Courts did keep,
On whom glad Victory did attend,
And Fame her boundleſs Voice did ſpend,
Dear Malice, Wilfulneſs and Pride,
To you, by me were ne'er deny'd,
But in obedience to your Call,
I now have Sacrific'd 'em all,
While the fond Beads-man does miſtake,
And thinks all's for Religion's ſake.
Curſe on his Veſture and his Cowl,
So to miſtake a Tyrant's Soul,
And think Religion can take place,
Where it is worn but as a Caſe,
To hide thoſe dreadful Shapes within,
Wou'd fright the World, if they were ſeen:

Make

Make Nature Stagger at the ſight,
And Peace (as I am) put to flight.
But now you dread Infernal Race,
What Trophies muſt thoſe Triumphs grace?
For thus to loſe, is to obtain,
As Martyrs Conquer while they're ſlain.
When *Lucifer* from Heaven fell,
He gain'd Deſpoitick Power in Hell.
A Wreath prepare of Snakes and Weed,
Inſtead of Lawrel, for my Head;
Triumphant Chariot all of Flame,
Mædea's Dragons in the ſame;
Let thouſand Ghoſts upon it wait,
That from my Vengeance took their Fate:
Great Britain's Genius Wan and Sad,
And *London* all in Aſhes Clad:
Then to approaching Fate I'll bend,
And dreſs'd in Ruins, it Aſcend.

THE

SATYR

AGAINST

LOVE and WOMEN.

THou Doating, Fond, Beſotted, Amorous Fool,
Shame to thy Sex, return again to School,
A whining Lover is a ſorry Tool.

Learn á new Leſſon, vex thy ſelf no more;
Kick that blind Baſtard *Cupid* out of door,
His Mother *Venus* was a Common Whore.

What is't that makes thy Senſe and Reaſon ſtray,
And thus doth Captivate thy Soul away?
If Beauty be the Cauſe, conſider, pray.

The faireſt Face that Nature ever made,
How ſoon a little Sickneſs makes it fade;
Tis nought but Worms and Duſt in Maſquerade.

Or do you on your Miſtreſs Virtue doat?
Tell me, I wou'd be very glad to know't,
What Virtue dwells under a Peticoat.

Women are ſtrange Diſſemblers, they'l appear
So ſweetly ignorant and good, you'd ſwear,
They were all Angels, when they Devils are.

Doth ſhe a Magazine of Wealth command,
Fetch'd from the bowels of the Sea and Land;
The Oriental Pearl, and *Indian* Sand?

Theſe glitt'ring Toys, indeed may pleaſe the Eyes
Of ſome baſe Miſer; but the Brave and Wiſe,
Place their Content beyond ſuch Fooleries.

Fill me a bowl with ſome rich *Grecian* Wine,
That ſprightly Nectar ſhall my Wit refine,
And makes me bravely act the Libertine.

Bacchanalean Feasts, I'll Sorrow drown,
nd when my blood grows warm, I'll range the
Town,
And seize on all I meet, fair, black, or brown.

Women by Nature were at first design'd,
To be enjoy'd by Men, and thou shalt find,
If this proves Cross, the next will be more Kind.

They've Inclinations strong, whate're they say,
And hate who Court the dull *Platonick* way,
That *Monsieur* pleases best, who's brisk and gay.

No longer then in whining Language Court,
But if your Mistris do'e deny to sport,
Ravish her first, and then she'll thank you for't.

Perhaps she'll faintly strive, and cry you Men
Are wondrous rude--- I vow you shan't--- and then
Swear that you never shall come there agen.

The Deed once done, she'll fain her self perplext,
Fie, you are wond'rous nought---- indeed I'm vext;
But prithee Dear, when shall I see thee next?

With

With cunning Arts, thus they inveigle Man,
But they ſhall never more my Soul trapan;
Catch me again ye Gypſies if you can.

To ſpend ones precious Time 'twixt hope and fear,
And let a paultry Woman Domineer;
'Tis better be a Vaſſal in *Algier*.

THE

THE FLY.

By Dr. *Kenn*, Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*.

I Bathe in Roſe-dew, and ne're fail,
To Breakfaſt on the Milking Pail;
With the King I ſit and Dine,
Taſte his Meat, and drink his Wine,
Court and Kiſs his Concubine.
Merrily, Merrily; now here, now there,
On this ſide, on that ſide, and every where.

'Spite of *Dick* I Dance and Play
With the Lady of the *May*.

Nump's

Nump's Malmſy Noſe I ply,
Tickle *Maudlin*'s Ferrit Eye,
Buz in *Roger*'s Ear I cry,
Merrily, merrily, &c.

But in *Autumn* I, as *Cupid*,
And God *Bacchus*, Blind and Stupid:
On the Glaſſes brim do hop,
Sipping ſtill; till from the top,
To the bottom down I drop.
Merrily, merrily there yet I lie,
I drink, and am drunk, and dead-drunk I die

To my Friend

CELADON,

In Justification of my

AMOUR.

ALL Men have Follies, which they blindly Trace,
Through the dark turnings of a dubious Maze;
But happy those, who by a prudent Care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious Snare.

The Eldest Sons of Wisdom were not free,
From the same Failings you condemn in me;
They Lov'd, and by that Glorious Passion led,
Forgot what *Plato*, and themselves had said:
Love Tryumph'd over the Pedantick Rules,
They had Collected from the Wrangling Schools,

And

And made 'em to his Mightier Sway ſubmit
In ſpight of Learning, Policy, and Wit:
For when his ſhining Squadrons came in view,
Their boaſted Reaſon murmur'd, and withdrew:
All their Moroſe Grave Morals uſeleſs prov'd,
He ſoon thoſe duſty Characters remov'd,
Unable to withſtand Loves Mighty Force
With dry Debates, and Phlegmatick Diſcourſe,

Nay, Gods have felt the Tyranny of Love,
For Heav'n it ſelf cou'd not defend its *JOVE*;
And tho' Arm'd Gyants his quick Light'ning ſlew;
A Naked Boy did all his Rage ſubdue,
And one bright Ray from Fair *Alcmæna*'s Eyes,
Charm'd the Triumphant Victor of the Skies.

If, as the Wiſeſt of the Wiſe have Err'd,
I go aſtray, and am condemn'd unheard;
My Faults, you too ſeverely reprehend,
More like a Rigid Cenſor, than a Friend:
Love is the Monarch Paſſion of the Mind,
Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd;
But over all, extends his Mighty Sway,
We Mortals God's, and Gods his Power obey.

You own'd my *Delia*, Friend, Divinely Fair,
When in the Bud her Native Beauties were;
Your Praiſes did her early Charms confeſs,
Yet you'd perſuade one to adore her leſs:
You, but the Non-age of her Beauty ſaw,
But might from thence ſublime Ideas draw;
And what ſhe is, by what ſhe was, conclude,
For now ſhe Governs thoſe ſhe then Subdu'd:
Her Aſpect Noble, and Mature is grown,
And every Charm in its full Vigor ſhown:
Each Feature emulous of pleaſing moſt,
May juſtly ſome peculiar Sweetneſs boaſt;
Her whole Compoſure's of ſo fine a Frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the Immortal Beauties of the Skies,
Contended Naked for the Golden Prize,
Thoſe three bright Candidates had ſu'd in vain,
For the kind Sentence of the wand'ring Swain,
Had *Delia* been there before his view,
With her Diviner Charms, and Naked too,

In whom alone, we all their Graces find,
The moving Gaiety of *Venus* joyn'd,
With *Juno*'s Aſpect, and *Minerva*'s Mind

Her Soul, to which kind Heav'n did impart
The wiſeſt Notions, and improv'd by Art,
Preſerves its Nobleſt Faculties entire,
Which all ſhou'd imitate, and all admire:
There no rude Thoughts are ſuffer'd to reſide,
No Affectation, Peeviſhneſs, or Pride;
But all thoſe Virtues which the Wiſe purſue,
Which makes 'em Happy, makes 'em Noble too:
And only in Divineſt Perſons dwell,
None practiſe better, and few know ſo well.

Her Fancy Strong, Vivacious, and Sublime,
Seldom betrays her Judgment to a Crime:
And tho' it moves with a Luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne're precipitous, but juſt and great;
For each Expreſſion every teeming Thought
Is to the ſcanning of her Judgment brought,
Which never Partial is, by all confeſt,
Nervous, Polite, and equal to the beſt.

In all Discourse, she's Apposite and Gay,
And ne're wants something pertinent to say;
For if the Subjects of a serious kind,
Her Thoughts are Manly, and her Wit refin'd;
But if it Jocular, or Sportive be,
Her Wit is Poignant, well bred Repartee:
While some proud Nymphs impertinent at best,
Mistake abusive Rudeness for a Jest,
And think themselves above the duller Crowd,
Meerly for talking much, and laughing loud;
But in my *Delia*'s Conversation meet,
All that is Just, Agreeable, and Sweet.
For no waste Words allay her Eloquence,
But all Pathetick, all is Sterling Sense.
Refin'd from Drossy Chat, which quickly cloys
The judging Ear, with pall'd insipid Noise;
But *Delia*'s Words still bear the Stamp of Wit,
Impress too plainly to be Counterfeit,
Which with the weight of massy Reason joyn'd,
Declares the strength and quickness of her Mind;
So cautious always, that she ne're affords
An idle Thought the Charity of Words;
But drives the intruding Notion from her Breast,
Not worth the trouble to be once expres't.

Ah!

Ah! *Celadon*, you wou'd my Flames approve,
Did you but hear her talk, and talk of Love:
That tender Paſſion to her Fancy brings,
The ſofteſt Notions, and the kindeſt things,
Which ſhe delivers with judicious Care,
A pleaſant Aſpect, and a moving Air;
For her expreſſive words improve the Senſe,
And cloſe each Period with an Excellence,
Which through the Ear, does to the Soul tranſmit
The fair Ideas of delightful VVit.
To the cool Boſom of a Peaceful Shade,
Some ſpreading Beach, or loſty Poplar made;
I, and my *Delia* did ſometimes repair,
To breathe in private, and unbend our Care;
And whil'ſt our Flocks in fruitful Paſtures fed,
Some well-deſign'd, inſtructive Poem read:
VVhere uſeful Morals with ſoft Numbers joyn'd
At once delighted, and improv'd the Mind,
VVhich ſhe indeed, to more perfection brought,
By wiſe Remarks upon the Poets thought:
So well ſhe knows the Stamp of Eloquence,
The empty ſound of VVords from ſolid Senſe;

The Florid Fuſtian of a Rhiming Spark,
Whoſe Random Arrow ne're comes near the Mark;
Can't on her Judgment, be impos'd and paſs
For Genuine Gold, when 'tis but guilded Braſs,

Once as we walk'd dicourſing upon Love,
In the Retreats of an adjacent Grove;
She ſmiling, ask'd me, whether I'd prefer
An humble Cottage on the Plains with her,
Before the Pompous Buildings of the Great,
And find Content in that inferior State?
The Queſtion you propoſe, ſaid I, might cauſe
Some Heſitation, and a dubious Pauſe;
Were the degrees of my Affection leſs
Than burning Martyrs to the Gods expreſs,
Did not the Charms which they to you have given,
Equal almoſt t'th' Brightneſs of their Heaven;
But I've in you all I deſire below,
That Earth can give me, and the Gods beſtow:
Tho' youthful *Paris*, when his Birth was known,
Too fatally related to a Throne,
Forſook *Oenone*, and his Rural Sports,
For greedy Greatneſs and Tumultuous Courts,

If

If Fate ſhou'd offer me his Power in vain,
For what is Power to ſuch an humble Swain,
I would not leave my *Delia*, leave my Love,
To ſhare the Empire of both Worlds with *Jove*.

My Soul did after you thoſe words repeat,
She cry'd, my Pulſe the ſelf-ſame Motion beat:
If *Strephon* be to my Embraces given,
What greater Bliſs can *Delia* crave of Heav'n?
And wou'd you have me, Friend, reflect agen,
Become the baſeſt, and the worſt of Men?
Oh! do not urge me, *Celadon* forbear,
I cannot leave her, ſhe's too Charming Fair;
Shou'd I your Counſel in this Caſe purſue,
You might ſuſpect me for a Villain too:
For ſure that Perjur'd Wretch can never prove
True to his Friend, that's faithleſs to his Love.

THE

THE ENTRY OF THE Pope's Nuncio.

OLD *Weſtminſter*, the Seat of King's, whoſe Law
So many Years has kept the *Beaſt* in Awe,
Henceforth to *Windſor* muſt reſign thy Power;
The Loyal *Windſor*! which in one ſhort Hour,
Has Cancel'd all that thou haſt done before:
The *Gordian Knot* ſo many Ages ty'd,
One *Alexander* can with eaſe divide;
And what is more pernicious than the Fact,
He has his Tools to carry on the Act.

Can

Can any Nation know a greater Curſe,
Than have a *Judas* to betray the Purſe?
Sworn to maintain thoſe Articles, and own
The very Laws they labour to run down.
What value all the Statutes of our Nation
To guard us againſt Popiſh Innovation,
If by ſo vile an Upſtart trampled on,
To Sway at Court, and Domineer in Town?

But what are ſervile Judges, when even they
Of *Levi*'s Tribe, the Prieſts, are gone Aſtray?
Apoſtate *D*——! what cou'd be thy hope,
What work of Merit, to bring in the Pope?
If thou muſt Trim to pleaſe the K. and Q.
Keep to thy Muſick, 'tis the ſafer Mean.

Cheſter did not ſo much betray his Truſt;
He to his Principles was only Juſt.
Who has ſo long a Vaſſal been to *Rome*,
Muſt Joy to ſee her brought in Triumph home.

Nor

Nor is the rough *Tarpaulin* in the wrong,
To crowd a Member in the Sacred Throng:
He'd be a Fool Recorded, if his Grace
For Conſcience, ſhou'd refuſe ſo great a Place,
Whoſe vile compliance to a Monarch's Will,
Has made the noted Block-head greater ſtill.

But *Somerſet*, to thee what Pen can frame
A Monument as laſting as thy Fame,
Who ſcorns to ſtoop beneath the *Vulture*'s Wing,
And quits the Torrent, to embrace the Spring?
Firm to his Honour, to his Country Juſt;
He ſlights his Intereſt, to perform his Truſt;
Scorns all the Glories of a flatt'ring Court,
And what they think his Ruin, counts his Sport.
Here thorny Satyr wou'd transform to *Bays*:
But I muſt ceaſe, 'cauſe none can reach thy Praiſe.

Depositum

Latin found in the Bishop's Closet, Writ by his own Hand.

Sam. OXON. EPISC.

QUI HOC

Elogio Posteris Innotescere Voluit.

Simultates & privatas Inimicitas
Non modo non fovi, sed Contempsi,
Sola Integritate fretus,
Nic Vivere Erubesco, nec mori Reformido.

Divinam Providentiam non Minus Credo quam opto,
Fide non Infelix, Spe felicior,
Hanc vitam Utcun; sustineo, meliorem expecto,
Multa Legi, Cogitavi, Scripsi,
Omnia ab ipsis Rei Cujusq; principiis Exorsus,
Nec tamen ulla magis scire videor,
Quam quæ per fidem Accepi,

All

ALL Private Wranglings and Inteſtine Jars,
Friend *Lowth* can tell how much my Soul Abhors
My Honeſty, what Party can deny?
And for an Inſtance of my Modeſty,
I neither bluſh to live, nor fear to die.
That there's a Providence, Sir, what think you?
I do believe it, yet wiſh it may be true:
Thus pretty ſtrong in Faith, in Hope much ſtronger,
I'd gladly go to Heaven, when I can live no longer.
Much I have Read and Writ, it is confeſs'd,
And from firſt Principles, each Subject trac'd.
Yet after all (mark what *Sam. Parker* ſaith)
My Knowledge is no larger than my Faith.

Exit. *There's an end.*

Madam

Madam *Maintenon's*

ADVICE

TO THE

F------h K-----g.

IN Gray-hair'd *Cælia's* wither'd Arms
Whilſt Mighty *Lewis* lay,
She cry'd if I have any Charms,
My Deareſt let's away.

I Tremble for you, when I hear
Of Drums the dreadful Rattle,
Alas Sir! what ſhou'd you do here,
In day of Diſmal Battle?

Perhaps you'll ask what can repair
The Ruins of your Glory,
'Tis fit you leave ſo mean a care
To thoſe that Pen your Story.

Are

Are not *Prevaux* and *Boileau* Paid
For Panegyrick Writing?
They know how Heroes may be made
Without the help of Fighting.

Your Foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly;
Put six good Horses in your Coach:
And carry me to *Marli*.

Let *Bouffieur* to secure your Fame,
Go take some Town, or buy it,
While you Great Sir, at *Noterdame*,
Te Deum sing in Quiet.

UPON

UPON LOVE:

In Imitation of

COWLEY.

WHether we Mortals Love or no,
'Tis the same case what e'er we do:
For *Love* does killing Pleasures give,
And without Love, 'tis death to Live:
If then to Love so painful be,
And not to Love, be Misery,
What a sad case must he be in,
Who has disgrac'd and Jilted been?
Banish'd for ever from those Eyes
Which conquer Fools, and fool the Wise,
And none but Stoicks can despise?
They Conquer, but they will not Yield:
Love knows no such unequal Field;

But in Lovers gentle Fight,
Both Conquer, when they both Submit.
Sometimes the better to perſwade,
I call in Heraldry to my Aid:
I ſpeak my Sires and Grand-ſires Praiſe;
Tell her how brave, how good he was:
Then Magnifie my ſelf, and ſay,
How Wiſe, how Witty, and how Gay
I am; and (as the Times go now)
How Conſtant, and how Sober too.
But ſhe, inſtead of this, demands,
What Stock? What Money Sir? What Lands?
Shepheards and Clowns inherit Life,
Do you e'er think to get a Wife,
Becauſe your Dad was born before ye?
That Sir is but an idle Story.
Tho Men be Witty, Wiſe, or Gay,
Fools may Love as well as they:
Wit will not Pleaſe at night, nor Profit in the day.

Curſe on this Mony! wou'd he were
Sunk beneath Hell, to languiſh there,
Condemn'd to everlaſting Chains,
Where the rich Miſer, *Pluto* Reigns;

Set

Who first call'd Counters Happiness,
What an improper thing is this?
That Money is the common cause of Strife,
The common Barrettor of humane Life;
Sets Brethren into Mortal Fray,
Makes Children, Parents Disobey;
Makes Wars and Slaughters to abound,
Where Peace and Joy before were found:
And which is worst of all, it does
Loves gentle Votaries Abuse:
It does to Love its powerful Aids deny,
Whil'st yet for want of it, the Lovers die.

To a Scornful

BEAUTY.

AS in those Nations, where they yet Adore
Marble and Cedar, and their Aid implore;
'Tis not the Work-men, nor the precious Wood,
But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the God.
So cruel Fair, tho Heav'n has given you all
We Mortals Vertue can, or Beauty call,
'Tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,
Darts to our Eyes, and to our selves the Wounds.
Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd Beings that the World can shew,
Still to some meaner things their Greatness owe:
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers, Consecrate your Reign.
This difference only Beauty's Realm can boast,
Where most it Favours, it Enslaveth most.

And

And they to whom it is Indulgent found,
Are ever in its endleſs Fetters bound.
What Tyrant yet but he was ever known,
Cruel to thoſe, who help'd to make him One?
Valour's a Vice, if not with Vertue join'd,
And *Beauty*'s a Diſeaſe, when 'tis not Kind.

Mr. *Sparks* to the Dutcheſs of *Ormond*, at her Reception into the B. of *Oxon's* Lodgings.

So comes the Mighty Juno *from above,*
Charms are her Train, and her Command is Love:
She does her Glories equally impart,
And finds a Triumph, where ſhe finds a Heart.
Ambition (the Great Idol of the Court)
Turns to Devotion here, where all reſort
With a juſt Strife their Homages to pay,
And with their Duty Conſecrate the Day.

Madam,

YOur Powerful Name alone can move
The different Effects of Awe and Love.
Ireland, once for its Native Wildneſs known,
Does to your Laws a free Subjection own.
Rebellion now its former Seats forſakes,
And there's no Faction, but what Duty makes.
Submiſſion pleaſes where you lay Conſtraint,
And Zeal's well-guided where you are the Saint:

Your

Your Triumphs with your Conſorts may compare,
Which both in ſuch an equal Conqueſt ſhare;
You make us doubtful, whether they encreaſe
More by the Acts of War, or Charms of Peace.
Thrice happy is that Iſle where you Command
Bleſſings from Heav'n, and with 'em Crown the Land.
No Venom there can thrive, where you diſpence
Through all its Parts a double Influence;
Nor does one place your Vital Powers confine,
They, like the Sun's, on diſtant Climates ſhine.
'Tis we are Treated, ſuch a welcom Gueſt,
Is both the Entertainer, and the Feaſt.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE Lady ANN WILMOT.

By *Placidia.*

TEll me no more where you have been,
What Beauties here, and there have ſeen,
'Till you have ſeen that Noble Bride
The happy Bridegrooms Lawful Pride:
And Natures Pride as well as his.
(Their Pride and Glory both ſhe is)
Nothing of Beauty yet you know;
All you have ſeen is mean and low.
This, this is ſhe, whom all deſir'd,
Who ſaw her, or at leaſt admir'd:

Had

Had ſhe on *Ida* then been found,
When th' Golden Apple was dropt down,
She, as the faireſt muſt have gain'd
(Three Goddeſſes had Storm'd in vain)
The Apple from the *Trojan* Swain.
Had ſhe in open Court been bred,
How many Captives had ſhe led?
She kindly did withdraw her Light,
Unwilling to make known her Might;
Unwilling to make Men her Prey,
And cauſe more Love than ſhe cou'd pay.

Wou'd the Painter draw an Angels Face,
'Tis ſhe muſt ſit i'th' Angels place;
The Picture elſe wou'd want ſome Grace.
Beauties in others here and there,
'Tis in *Miranda* every where.
Nor to her Body is't confin'd,
'Tis that which has o'reſpread her Mind:
She's in her Self a Matchleſs Pair,
Her Soul and Body make one Fair.

Thrice happy Youth, whoſe yielding Heart
Was ſmitten with ſo brave a Dart!

As

As she cast forth from Chastest Eyes,
Whence ev'ry Beam is pure that flies!
The Dart she threw, had just return;
She him, he hers, did kindly burn.

And may they burn with equal heat,
May both their Hearts a-like still beat;
May never Change be in their Fire,
But only in its mounting higher,
Until no higher they can move;
May this be the Issue of their Love.

SATYR

SATYR.

UNhappy Iſland, what hard Fate Ordains,
That thou ſhould'ſt Change thy Liberty for Chains:
Thou, who to Stubborn Nations once gav'ſt Law,
And kept the Jarring World in Peaceful Awe;
Holding that Ballance in thy ſteady Hand,
By which the weaker do's the ſtrong withſtand:
From *Goths* and *Vandals* long in vain ſet free,
Art now thy ſelf become a Colony,
The Scotch and Iriſh are repriz'd in thee,
Starv'd Fugatives ſcatter'd (by want) abroad,
Great Trvellers for want of an Aboad,
All meet in Swarms in this unluky Place,
To lead our Army, and our Councils Grace:
Whilſt Croaking Prieſts, and Greedy Troops devour
The Faithful Land with Sacrilegious Pow'r:

Prevailing

Prevailing Nonſenſe, Reaſon over-rules,
And Providence has given us up to Fools;
Fools did th' Excluding of a Fool prevent;
Fools have by Rebellion, Slav'ry ſent,
And Fools confirm it ſtill in Parliament.
Talbot Supplies of Fools from *Ireland* ſends,
Clarendon's return'd to make amends;
The Favorite Brother wears th' Almighty Rod,
Courted and Prais'd by each Created Toad,
The Sorcerer Aſpires to be a God.
Pharoah and He, theſe Plagues of *Egypt* bring,
And ſuch our Fate muſt be, whil'ſt ſuch our King:
But who can our Great Chancellour Deſcribe?
The Noiſy Oracle of the Scarlet Tribe;
Of all *James*'s Inſtruments, the keeneſt Tool,
The hotteſt, perteſt, and the boldeſt Fool;
Choſe early, by himſelf deſign'd for Glory,
Since Whig-Law yielded firſt to Conquering Tory:
A Mortal Enemy to Sawcy Charters,
Now leſs in Faſhion than the Book of *Martyrs*;
Than ſharp *Le Strange*, a more admir'd Prater,
Wittier on *Bench*, than he in *Obſervator*.
O! For ſome Skillful Painter now to draw
The Weſtern Juſtice of avenging Law;

When

When angry Juſtice with reſiſtleſs Force,
Not like a Stream, but Torrent, ſtopt its Courſe;
Nor poorly bore a ſingle Rebel down,
In Shoals the Wretches fell beneath his Frown:
Kirk, the poor beaſt did but for Hunger Prey,
And only hang'd a Rogue that could not Pay:
For Luxury, the Wolf and Lion kill,
And ſcarce take time to taſte the blood they ſpill.
Now *Fame* thy Trumpet ſound, thy Man of War,
Great *F*----- appears with his Triumphant Star,
To the Clouds bear him in thy Airy Chair.
Let *Oglethorp* be Pinion'd to his Wing,
And as he tells the Tale, ſo do thou ſing.
His Courage, ſuch as needs not Conduct's aid;
Conduct makes Generals but ſeem afraid:
Therefore he ſcorns much to be found prepar'd,
And ſent his Men to Reſt without a Guard.
When he his Brother *Cr*---- did aſpire,
To Equalize in vain in quenching Fire,
Where might not *James* his Conquering Army lead?
But Brains are ſomewhat in a General's Head.

Now Muſe, let thy Juſt Indignation ceaſe,
Touch not the Lowſy Vermin after theſe:

When

When such a Quarry does thy Vigour claim,
Scorn to descend to an Ignoble Game:
Thus whilst the Huntsmen eagerly in view,
The Foaming Boar and Lion does pursue,
Safe to their Holes, the Fox and Badger creep,
And dare not look abroad, but stink and sleep.
Let honest Laureat, now whose plyant Rhymes,
With his Religion wait upon the Times:
Rail at the Man, who these bold Truths has told,
And call him dull Phanatick, Whig, and Scold:
Frankland, *Lloyd*, *Sackvile*, and the meaner Rout,
Of little Underlings that fit about,
Pretend they know the Author by his Stile,
I've eas'd my Mind, and will securely smile,

A NEW
Protestant LITANY.

FRom the Race of *Ignatius*, and all their Colleagues,
From all the long Counsels of *Bougraes* and *Teagues*,
And from Papacy Rampant, and all her Intrigues,
Libera Nos, &c.

From Cobweb-Lawn-Charters, from Sham-Freedom Banters,
Our Liberty keepers, and New Gospel Planters,
In the trusty kind hands of our great *Quo Warrantors*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From High-Court Commissions, to *Rome* to Rejoyn us,
From a *Rhadamanth* Chanc'lor, our *Western* Judge *Minos*,
Made Head of our Church, by new *Jure Divino's*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From

From our great *Test* Records, cut out into Thrums,
From Waſte-Paper Laws us'd with Paſties and Plums,
Magna Charta, *Magna Farta*, made Fodder for Bums,
Libera Nos, &c.

From a new-found *Stone-Dublet*, to th' old Sleeves of *Lawn*,
And all to make room for the Pope-Lander Spawn,
To ſee a Babe Born through Bed-Curtains *Cloſe Drawn*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From reſolving o'er Night, where to Ly-in to Morrow,
And from cunning *Back-door* to let Midwife thorow,
Eight Months *Full-grown* Man-Child, born without Pang or Sorrow.
Libera Nos, &c.

From a Godfather Pope, to the Heir of a Throne;
From Three Chriſtian Names, to one Sur-name unknown,
With a *Tyler* Milch-Nurſe, now the Mother's Milk's gone,
Libera Nos, &c.

From

From *Gun-Powder-Bonfires*, all turn'd out of play,
Not a poor Window-Candle dare give a ſtol'n Ray,
But all kept reſerv'd for Great *Simnel*'s Birth-day,
Libera, &c.

From Dad *Petre* Pilots at th' Helm to befriend us,
With all hands that Pope, Turk or Devil can lend us,
And all from a Second *Queen Beſs* to defend us,
Libera, &c.

From *Nuncio*'s from *Rome* to conſult how to drub
The Proteſtant *Hydra* by a *Hercules Club*,
And a *Warming-Pan* Plot, worſe than *Celier*'s Meal-Tub,
Libera, &c.

From old Hundred of Thouſand Pound Fines Under-rated,
Ruſſel's Head for his Common-Houſe-Votes Elevated,
And *Eſſex*'s Razor at *Rome* Conſecrated,
Libera, &c.

From *Sampſon-Cord* Oaths, ſnap'd aſunder with Eaſe,
From *No Faith in Man*, *Coleman*'s Mouth with a Squeeze,
Stopt to tell no more Tales of Father *Le-Cheſe*,
Libera, &c.

From old *Dunkirk* ſold for a *Song* and a *Dance*,
The Proteſtant *long-deſign*'d Cauſe to Advance,
By *Moſt Chriſtian* Reformers, the *Dragoons* of *France*,
Libera, &c.

From ſupporting our Church *Alamode Magdalano*,
From *Mahomet-Monſieur*, our new *Soldano*,
And the Engliſh Pipes tun'd to French *Fiſtula in ano*,
Libera, &c.

From *Tyrconnel*'s Bog-trotters at th' old trade of Throat-cutting,
From new Conq'ring *Ireland*, for th' Engliſh old Footing,
And from Sacrament Oaths of *North-Hereſie* Rooting.
Libera, &c.

From

From Judges with *Empſom* and *Dudley*'s Infection,
From Knaves in Fools Coats, by *Infallible* Direction,
Raiſing Heretick Armies for the Roman Protection,
Libera, &c.

From threeſcore thouſand Crowns under Planet Malignant,
Given *Loretto*'s Lady, that famous Heaven Regnant,
To purchaſe no more than a poor *Cuſhion Pregnant*,
Libera, &c.

From a Courage of Steel, with Intellects Leaden,
From Renowncing Three Crowns, and all for God-Breaden,
To follow the Dance of *Chriſtian* of *Sweeden*,
Libera, &c.

From giving our Parliament Writs a Withdraw,
Our laſt Game for preventing of *Juſtice* and *Law*,
In hopes of concealing our dear *Cloven Paw*,
Libera, &c.

THE FABLE OF THE Horſe and the Stag.

IN days of Yore, there was a certain Steed,
Held ſole Poſſeſſion of a ſpacious Mead;
Nor was he Pamper'd, tho he was well Fed.
He had not long enjoy'd this happy State,
But comes a Stag of monſtrous Bulk and Height;
Like an old ſpreading Oak his Head was grown,
Such Beams, ſuch Branches, none had ever ſhown:
His Power overgrown, he keeps no Bounds,
But ruſhes on, forces the Neighbouring Mounds,
Is Tyrant of the Woods, and all adjacent Grounds.

And

And now he Ranges, the whole Paſture Foyls,
And what he cannot Eat, induſtriouſly Spoils.
The Horſe Surpriz'd thus, knew not what to do,
What Courſe to take with this inſulting Foe:
Vex'd at the turn of Fate, his Blood does riſe,
Swells to a Rage, aod round the Field he flies,
Now tears the Soil up, Kicks, and Flings it to the Skies.
Fierce are his Looks, his Cheſt ſtill riſing higher,
His Noſtrils flaming with revengeful Fire;
Courage and Strength he had, This injur'd Steed,
Had all the marks of an Ingenious Breed.
The Fury over, to a Man he goes,
And this ſhort Queſtion to him does propoſe,
Whether he might be able with his Aid,
To puniſh him, who all this Waſte had made?
He anſwers Yes, in caſe I ben't deny'd
To Bridle, Saddle you, get up and Ride.
The Horſe ſubmits, the Treaty's Ratifi'd.
But then inſtead of puniſhing the Deer,
Himſelf alas! a heavy Weight muſt bear:
'Tis Slavery; of Fates the moſt Severe.

The *Moral* fits our Times, and home it comes
To Male-contents, in Modern Engliſh *Grums*,
To wreak their Spleen, they ask a Tyrant's Aid,
One, that all Rights, all Liberties Invades;
One that wou'd Ride 'em down to very Jades.

Worſe than the Horſe or Mule, this they well know,
Did ever any Slave wiſh to be ſo?
This makes our Moral ſeem a Fable too.

Since Horſe and Man have made ſo much ado,
Conſider whether this will paſs or no.

AN

AN ODE.

1691.

WHilſt blooming Youth and gay Delight,
In all thy Looks and Geſtures ſhine,
Thou haſt my Dear, undoubted Right
To Rule this deſtin'd Heart of mine.
My Reaſon tends to what your Eyes ordain,
For I was born to Love, and you to Reign.
But wou'd you meanly then rely
On Power you know I muſt Obey?
'Tis not a legal Tyranny
To do an Ill, becauſe you May.
Why muſt I thee, as Atheiſts, Heav'n Adore,
Not ſee thy Mercy, only dread thy Power?
Take heed, my Dear, youth flies apace,
Time equally with Love, is blind,
Soon muſt thoſe Glories of thy Face,
The fate of Vulgar Beauty find.

The Thouſand Loves, that Arm thy potent Eye,
Muſt drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.
Then thou wilt Sigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting Peeviſh humour on,
Seems but the ſad effect of Years.
Even Kindneſs then too weak a Charm will prove,
To raiſe the Ghoſt of my departed Love.
Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows,
Which ſhow thee juſt above Neglect,
The Heat with which thy Lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold Reſpect:
A talking dull *Platonick* I ſhall turn,
Learn to be Civil, when I ceaſe to Burn.
Then ſhun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindneſs and Conſtancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vaſt a weight as that of Love.
If thou can'ſt wiſh to make my Flames endure,
Thine muſt be fierce and very Pure.
Haſte, *Cælia* haſte, while Love invites,
Obey the God-head's gentle Voice
Fill every Senſe with ſoft Delights,
And give thy Soul a looſe to Joys.

Let

Let millions of repeated Bliſſes prove
That thou art Kindneſs all, and I all Love.
Be mine, and only mine, take care
Your Looks, your Thoughts, your Dreams too guide
To me alone, nor liking any one beſide.
What Men e'er Court thee, Flie them and believe
They're Serpents all, and thou the Tempted *Eve*.
So ſhall I Court thy deareſt Truth,
When Beauty ceaſes to engage,
And thinking on thy Charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age.
So Time it ſelf our Raptures ſhall improve,
And ſtill we'll wake to Joy, and live to Love.

Melaçinda's

Meleſinda's

Misfortune on the burning of her

SMOCK.

TYr'd with the Buſineſs of the Day,
Upon her Couch ſupinely lay,
Fair *Meleſinda* void of Care,
No living Creature being near,
When ſtrait a Calm, and gentle ſleep
Did or'e her drowſy Eye-lids creep,
Her Senſes thus by Fetters ty'd,
By nimble Fancy were ſupply'd;

Her

Her quick Imagination brought
The Ideas of her waking Thought;
She Dreamt her ſelf a new-made Bride,
In Bed by young *Philanders* ſide,
The Poſſet's eat, the Stocking's thrown,
And all the Company's withdrawn:
And now the bleſt *Elizium*,
Of all the wiſht for Joys is come.
Philander all diſſolv'd in Charms,
Lies Rapur'd in her Circling Arms;
With panting Breaſts, and ſwiming Eyes,
She meets the Viſionary Joys:
In all the Amorous Poſture, Love
Cou'd in the hight of Pleaſure move;
But as ſhe roving did advance,
Her trembling Legs, O dire Miſchance!
The Couch being near the Fire ſide,
She expanded them alas too wide;
She expos'd her nethermoſt Attire
To the Embraces of the Fire;
So the Chaſt *Phœnix* of the Eaſt,
With flutt'ring, Fires her Spicy Neſt.
So *Semele* Embracing *Jove*,
Burnt with Fire, and with Love.

The Flames at first, did trembling seize
The dangling Hem of the lost Prize;
But finding no resistance higher,
As 'tis their Nature to aspire,
Approaching near the Seat of Bliss,
The Center of Earthly Happiness;
Which more of real pleasure yields,
Than all the feign'd *Elizium* Fields.
But Ignorance must now excuse
The silence of my bashful Muse:
Her Modesty had ne'r the Face
To ascend above the Gartering place;
But doubtless 'twas a lovely sight
The Fire beheld by her own Light.
Ovid wish'd himself a Flea,
That so transform'd, he might survey
His Love all o're, and uncontroul'd
Her every Grace and Charm behold.
Had *Ovid*'s Flea been there to Night,
I fear he had but small delight,
His Rival Flames, had spoil'd his Bliss,
And curst his *Metamorphosis*.
[illegible]lames were grown so rude,
[illegible]every where intrude:

They

They ſoon recall'd the Lady's Senſe.
And chas'd the pleaſing Viſion thence.
Soon as Eyes recover'd Light,
She ſtrait beheld the diſmal ſight;
Beheld her ſelf a Blazing-Star,
Or bright Tail'd Glow-Worm to appear:
She had no time to Meditate
Upon the ſtrangeneſs of her Fate,
But was confin'd to lay about,
To beat the impious Fire out.
The Amorous Flames were loath to go,
They kiſs'd her hand at every blow,
And round her Iv'ry Fingers play,
And ſeem'd as if they begg'd to ſtay;
Vanquiſh'd at laſt, they did retire,
And in a gloomy Smoak expire.
Then viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
Thus to her ſelf the ſad Nymph ſpoke,
Is this the effect of Dreams, is this
The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliſs?
Misfortunes will I ſee betide,
When Maidens throw their Legs too wide:
Had I but kept my Legs a-croſs,
And my Smock had had no loſs;

I ought, I'm ſure, to have took more heed,
For ne'r had Virgin greater need;
My Kindneſs, and my little Care,
Has left me ſcarce a Smock to wear:
Some have been begg'd, ſome have been burn'd,
All are to Clouts or Tinder turn'd;
Two Smocks laſt Night the Flames ſurpriz'd,
And in the Flasket Sacrific'd:
Others, I did on Friends beſtow,
Not dreaming I ſhou'd want 'em now;
But I cou'd bear the loſs them,
Had not the Fire diſturb'd my Dream:
There is a Saying frights me too,
But Heav'n forbid it ſhou'd be true;
That where a Virgin burns her Train,
She, all her life-time muſt remain:
I dare not be of this belief,
For ſhou'd I, I ſhou'd die with Grief;
Live always here a Nun-like Life,
And never, never be a Wife,
Never Enjoy a Marriage-Bed,
Nor loſe a hated Maidenhead.
Ah! Cruel Flames, you're too unkind
To bring theſe Fancies to my Mind:

Down, down into your Native Cell,
In your own blazing Regions dwell.
Vex me no more, let me poſſeſs
My Linnen, or my Dream in peace.
Thus did the Nymph bewail her treacherous
Luck,
At once to loſe ſo good a Dream and Smock.

AGAINST

Againſt Adulterating

CLARET.

By *Tho. Brown.*

WHat Planet diſtracts thee? What damnable Star,
To daſh honeſt *Bourdeux* with vile *Barrabar*?
Why ſhou'd Innocent *Claret* be murther'd by *Port*?
Thoul't ſurely be Sentenc'd in *Bacchus*'s Court.
As for us Drunken Rakes, if we Hang or we Drown,
Or are decently Poyſon'd, what loſs has the Town?
But to kill harmleſs *Claret* that do's ſo much good,
Is down-right Effuſion of true Chriſtian Blood.
Ne'er think what I tell you is matter of Laughter,
Thou'rt Curſt for't in this World, and Damn'd for't hereafter.

ANSWER

ANSWER.

IF what thou asserteſt Dear *Thomas* be true,
It is to get rid of ſuch Chap-men as you,
That I and my Brethren have learned to Brew,

Whatever Ingredients we put in the Vat,
Whether Dogs-Turd or Honey, no matter for that,
For all our Deſign's but to Poyſon a Rat.

He that dies by bad Wine, and not by the Halter,
Departs without Rhyme of *Hopkins*'s Pſalter,
And that you well know is no matter of Laughter.

A *Madame*, *Madame*, B. *Beaute Sexagenair*, 1693.

By a Perſon of Quality.

COurage Dear *Mall*, and drive away Diſpair,
Mopſa, who in her Youth was ſcarce thought Fair,
In ſpight of Age, Experience, and Decays,
Sets up for Charming in her Fading Days;
Snuffs her Dim Eyes, to give one parting Blow;
Have at the Heart of every Ogling *Beau*:
This goodly Gooſe all Feather'd like a Jay,
So Gravely Vain, and ſo Demurely Gay,
Laſt Night to Grace the Court, did overload
Her bal'd Buff Forehead, with a high Commode:
Her Steps were manag'd with ſuch tender Art,
As if each Board had been a Lovers Heart:

In all her Air, in e'ry Glance was ſeen
A mixture ſtrange, 'twixt Fifty and Fifteen.
Crowds of admiring Fops about her preſs,
Hamp--n himſelf delivers their Addreſs;
Which ſhe accepting with a Nice diſdain,
Own'd 'em her Subjects, and began to Reign.
Fair Queen of *Fopland* is her Royal Style,
Fopland, the greater part of this great Iſle:
Nature did ne'er more equally divide
A Female Heart, 'twixt Piety and Pride.
Her watchful Maids prevent the Peep of Day,
And all in order on her Toylet lay,
Pray'r Books, and Patch Box, Sermon Notes and Paint,
At once t'improve the Sinner and the Saint.

Farewel, Friend *Mall*, expect no more from me.
But if you wou'd a full Deſcription ſee,
You'll find her ſomewhere in the Litany,
With Pride, Vain Glory, and Hypocriſy.

Neptune's *Resentment of the* FIRE-WORKS *on the* Thames, *in Honour of the Birth of the Pretended P---- of W--- 1688.*

By *R. B*

WHen Jealous *Neptune* understood what Sport
The Jesuits contriv'd to please the Court,
And what leud Figures on the *Thames* they made,
To fright his Scaly Subjects, and invade
His Watry Empire; to his Christal Court
He Summons all his *Tritons* to resort:
And all the Sea-Gods being in Council sate,
They all Resolve after Mature Debate,
Neptune himself shou'd go Attended on
By all the Nobles of the Liquid Throne,
To view their fond Attempt, and find the means,
Quite to defeat, or blast those Impious Scenes.

When

When from the *Downs* along the Reedy Shore
Of Silver *Thames*, an Eaſtern Tide did Roar,
Upon its Wings Brigades of *Tritons* flew,
And, with their lowd Shells, call'd *Æolus* too.
Rais'd in a Naval Chariot, fiercely drawn
By nine Sea Horſes, *Neptune* on his Throne,
Plow'd all the Watry Surface in his Rear,
Battallions of Sea Gods did appear;
With *Naiades*, and Water-Nymphs at Gaze,
Frighted to ſee their Lord, their angry *Tridents* Raiſe,
Like a reſiſtleſs Tempeſt, ſtraight thy came,
Where but ev'n now the Fiery Scenes were ſeen;
And while the Gazing Crowd did ſo remain,
Thus Mighty *Neptune* ſpoke to King and Queen;

What meant this great Reverſe of Natures Laws,
That not my Watry Region can eſcape
The lewd Attempts of Fiery *Vulcan*'s Paws,
But on my Stage, his *Cyclops* innovate?
Or rather, by the Sulphur which I ſmell,
I ſhou'd ſuſpect 'em Fiery Imps of Hell,
Broke looſe from Cells below, and ſent up here
The Projects to purſue of *Lucifer*:

You have forgot, when at the *Lemmon Ore*,
from the Wreck, you on my Shoulders bore:
How oft from Flights, from Fire, and Storm I ſav'd ye,
That thus you ſhou'd requite, and thus upbraid me!
Permitting thoſe, who all the World have ſpoil'd,
That Sea and Shore, have all in Blood Embrol'd,
With *Pagan* Pageantry, my Stage to ſtain,
And with their Idol Fires, my Streams prophane.
Thoſe, whoſe damn'd Morals have undone the World,
And all its Realms into Confuſion hurl'd;
Whoſe wicked Councels, *France* have wretched made,
The Chriſtian Cauſe, and Intereſt betray'd,
And caus'd the Turk the Empire to Invade.
Thoſe, who Conſpir'd your Granſires Overthrow,
To Murder Prince and Senate at a blow;
Deſtroying all at one Infernal Stroke,
To bring this Iſle under a Foreign Yoke,
Theſe now are your Chief Counſellors and Guides,
Who'll ruin you, and all the World beſide.
Did I from fair *Veneta*'s Court retire,
And on your Downs erect my Naval Chair;

To be inſulted on by Beaſts more foul
Than any Land do's breed, where my remoteſt Tides
do roll?
Know, that for this, I'll puddle all your Streams,
And with my Storms, diſturb your ſmooth-fac'd
Thames;
I'll call my Scaly Regiments away,
No more your Coaſts ſhall on their Plenty Prey.
Your Prieſts no more ſhall Diet on their Wiſh,
Their Skins well ſtuff'd with Oyl and choiſeſt Fiſh:
Colcheſter Oyſters you no more ſhall taſte,
No more with Shrimps and Salmons keep a Faſt.
Herrings no more ſhall come to you in Shoals,
Nor Market ſtor'd with Flounders, Place and Soals.
In ſhort, Fiſh in this Land ſhall be ſo ſcant,
Like *Hereticks*, you ſhall eat Fleſh in *Lent*,
Die in that Mortal ſin, and not Repent.
From all your Shoars, my Tides ſhall ſo retire,
You ſhall not get Sea-Cole to make a Fire.
No Veſſels Fraight with Oyl, ſhall come from *France*,
By Tunnage, your Revenue to advance:
From *Aſia* ſhall no more come Silks and Spice,
Nor Gold from *Mexico*, the cauſe of Vice;

With Storms and Tempeſts, I'll your Coaſts annoy,
And all your Trafique utterly deſtroy:
I'll waft ſome Foreign Navy to your Ports,
And make their Admirals Maſters of your Forts;
As once with a proud Tide I did Conſpire
Your Floating Towers at *Chatham* to enfire,
With the ſame Mighty Lords I'll joyn again,
To eaſe your ſlighted Admiral of his Pain,
And ſhake your Yoke from the incenſed Main.

AN EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE Right Honourable *Catharine*, Eldeſt Daughter to the Lord *Rutland*.

In a Dialogue between Thyrſis *and his* Muſe.

I.

Thyrſis. DAughter of *Phœbus*! born of Fire,
Of tow'ring Thoughts and warm Deſire;
With pureſt Æther fed!
Who like the Beams of Heavenly Light,
Diſpell'ſt the diſmal Shades of Night,
And form'ſt the Chaos of the Labouring Head!
Awake my Muſe! ſhake off thy drowſie Sleep,
And flutt'ring Shapes, that round thy Temples creep.

Muſe.

II.

Muſe. Who calls and breaks my long Repoſe?
An Iron Sleep my Eyes do cloſe,
Nor know I what I am:
Dulneſs, like Silence o'er the Dead,
Inſenſibly o'er me is ſpread;
Nor are my Sleeps enlightned with a Dream?
But my degenerate Mind, the beſt do pleaſe
Inglorious *Torpor*, and unlearned eaſe.

III.

I'm Call'd, yet can make no return,
Like Tapers burning in an Urn,
As dull as *Lethe*'s Font;
Dull as the Barbarous Ages, when
No Tract of Learning did remain,
Nor artful Muſe did lofty Songs recount:
Dull as North Seas, which Tempeſts ſcarcely break,
Or the black Waves upon the *Stygian* Lake.

IV.

'Tis *Belvoir* calls, my Muſe ariſe,
Ætherial Nymph, lift up thy Eyes
To its exalted Head!

The very Sight will thee Inſpire
With generous Thoughts and active Fire,
nd an enliv'ning Warmth around thee ſpread.
lvoir that does demand thy dutious Care,
lvoir, whoſe very Name does Raptures bear.

V.

uſt. Me *Belvoir*'s charming Accents wake,
The very Name does Muſick make,
That ſenſeleſs S[illegible]ocks may draw:
On's ſpeaking Lyre too *Orpheus* Play'd,
While Woods and Stones, and Beaſts Obey'd,
And all ſubmitted to the new made Law.
The Trumpet's call, at the univerſal Doom,
Scarce with more power ſhall force the Dead to come.

VI.

Thyrſis. Make no delay, nor ſeek for Aid,
Let Foreign Helps aſide be laid,
And all *Apollo*'s Wit.
For *Chariſtella* all can give
Th' Inſpir'd from *Phœbus* can receive,

With

With warmer Hints, and with more vigorous Heat,
Than had'ſt thou Fire, *Prometheus*-like, brought down
Or *Phæton*-like, Uſurp'd *Apollo*'s Throne.

VII.

Muſe. She deck'd with Beauty, Wit and Blood,
With all that's Great, and all that's Good,
Princes Ambitious Care,
By crowding Numbers is Ador'd,
Love's Altars are with Off'rings ſtor'd,
And all is given, and all is Vow'd for her.
Venus till now, ne'er knew her Soveraign Pow'r,
Or ſaw th' extent of her wide Realm before.

VIII.

She oft my humble Lays has took,
With a benign and pleaſing Look,
And cherish'd my good Will;
Nor will her goodneſs yet refuſe
The Wiſhes of a rural Muſe,
Or the endeavours of a grateful Quill.

To

To her my endless Off'rings do belong,
Who is the Subject of my deathless Song.

IX.

The Marriage-day.

The happy day is come at last,
With lucky Milk-white Omens Grac'd,
To faithful Passion kind;
When th' envy'd Hero's Head must rest
On *Clarissella*'s Spicy Breast,
And the just Fruits of his long Service find.
When two great Deities in one do meet,
Where Love, and Love return'd, do kindly Greet.

X.

The Rising of the Bridegroom.

Up rose the Bridegroom and the Sun,
Fresh with late Ease, their Course to run,
Both fill'd with Genial Heat;
Both Beautiful a-like and Young;
Both Active, Vigorous and Strong,
New Glorious Births for future times to get:

In

In both you might exalting hopes descry,
For both had words to Enlighten and Enjoy.

XI.

Great Tasks are to great Spirits due,
Less than a World's unfitting you,
And other Labours past,
Thetis and *Clareſtella*'s Arms,
Will recompence you with her Charms,
And in ſoft Joys the tender Moments waſte.
You both (Great Sir) muſt Revel in the deep;
Nor are you excus'd when *Phœbus* goes to Sleep.

XII.

The Riſing of the Bride.

The Bride Awoke, and then 'twas day,
Then firſt broke out the enliv'ning Ray,
That uſhers in the Morn;
Her Eye-lids are the Gates from whence
Bluſhing *Aurora* does diſpence
That Dreſs that does the roſied Heav'n adorn.

Aſtron

Aſtronomers may point out Eaſt and Weſt,
But which way e'er ſtands *Belvoir*, that is Eaſt.

XIII.

The Dreſſing of the Bride.

Now various Hands and Arts are try'd,
To add new Luſtre to the Bride;
When yet in vain they ſtrive;
The worthleſs Births of Sands and Seas,
Of Mines and Shells, much leſſer pleaſe,
Than what kind Nature does profuſely give:
Jewels grow dim, nor can her Rays abide,
And where e'er plac'd, do but her Beauty hide.

XIV.

Then why this Labour, why this Pain,
For what muſt be undone again,
What muſt be laid aſide?
Her own Perfections ever laſt,
While borrow'd ones are gone and paſt,
And are but worthleſs in their height of Pride.
Why ſhould you ſtrive with that to make her Bright,
Which ſhe'll be better lik'd without at Night.

XV.

XV.

Going to the Chappel.

Hence they lead to the Holy Shrine,
In one their Hands and Hearts do join,
Tho they were ſo before;
Where holy Prayers in Joys deſcend,
And Wiſhes do in Bleſſings end,
And bounteous Heaven un-ask'd, does greater ſhower
The Bridegroom fill'd with *Clariſtella*'s Store,
Scarce thinks Heav'n can beſtow a Bleſſing more.

XVI.

A brave Aſſembly fill'd the Place,
And did the Ceremony Grace,
But yet unlightned Eyes,
A new Cœleſtial Train Survey'd,
Which jointly for the Couple Pray'd,
And offer'd zealouſly their Sacrifice:
The bleſſed *Genii* ſent up Vows Refin'd,
And with Relations, Kindred Angels join'd.

XVII.

XVII.

The Scene was fill'd with ſmiling Loves,
Soft *Cupids*, and with Gaul-leſs Doves,
While Omens round did play;
And if Angelick Natures can,
Stoop to the Infirmities of Man,
'Tis thought they did not go untouch'd away:
They at the Bleſſed Sight ſeem'd greatly Mov'd,
And by their Wiſhes, it is gueſs'd they Lov'd.

XVIII.

The Entertainment.

The Tables now with Dainties Groan,
The Eaſt and Weſt do meet in one,
The Sea, the Air and Land;
Free Mirth and Wine do fly a-round,
And every Head's with Chaplets Crownd;
Every Heart's open now, and every Hand:
So Stately, ſo Magnificent a Feaſt,
That *Jove* himſelf wou'd wiſh to be a Gueſt.

XIX.

Muſick and Dancing.

Un-bounded Joy Reigns over all,
The Muſick do's to Dancing call,
The Combatants appear;
The Martial Troops in Order ſtand,
Move at the harmonious Command,
And Maſculine Strength with Female ſoftneſs pairs
Such Order ran through all, 'twas hard to gueſs,
Whether more pleas'd, their Motion, Looks or Dreſs

XX.

So once the Forms and Kinds of things,
Th' Atoms of Peaſants and of Kings,
And all we ſee below,
In regular *Meanders* play'd,
Now ſeen, now in Abyſſes laid,
Now in this Shape, and now in that did flow;
Till Nature's Spirit Brooded o'er the Deep,
Made all the wandring Parts, ſtrict Meaſures keep.

So

XXI.

So once the Rays of confus'd Light,
While ſtruggling in the Chaos, Night,
They forc'd their untract'd way,
Boundleſs and free, about did Roll,
From Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole,
And a wild dance of Fiery Orbs did play;
Till rallying all their ſcatter'd Troops in one,
They made the glorious Lamp, we call the Sun.

XXII.

The Beautious Train ſoft Motions go,
And ſilent ſteady Time do's ſo,
The Son's long ſince in Bed;
The Bridegroom wiſnes all were gone,
He's Whiſper'd, and away is flown,
And the laſt time the Bride lyes down a Maid.
With eager Love they meet—— but what they do,
The Curtain's clos'd, and let our Thoughts be ſo.

XXIII.

Yet we may gueſs, two Stars do join,
And with mix'd Rays do brighter ſhine,
And kindly Influence ſtrow;
But ſince in Heav'n Stars barren be,
Nor Joy in fruitful Progeny,
May each of theſe a Conſtellation grow,
And from their mutual Love, ſuch Numbers come,
That for the welcome Gueſts, even Heav'n want room.

SONG.

SONG.

By *T. Br*--

1.

HOW quickly are Loves Pleaſures gone!
How ſoon are all its Mighty Triumphs done!
In vain, alas, do we the Banquet taſte,
Whoſe Sweets as ſwift as Thought are paſt!
In vain do we renew the Fight,
Who at the firſt Alarms are baſely put to Flight!

2.

Happy Great *Jove*, who in *Alcmæna*'s Arms,
For three full Nights Enjoy'd Loves Charms!

Nature turn'd Bawd, her Monarch to Obey,
And Pimping Darkneſs ſhut out Day,
Whil'ſt in vaſt Joys the half-ſpent God did Sweat:
Joys, as his Light'ning fierce, and as his God-Head Great!

3

Bravely begun the Feat! Oh had it mounted higher
Fed ſtill with vigorous Heat and freſh Deſire!
Were I but he, my boundleſs Reign ſhou'd prove
But one continu'd Scene of Love,
In Extaſies I wou'd diſſolving lie,
As long as all the mighty Round of vaſt Eternity.

To a Lady whom he refus'd to Marry, because he Lov'd her.

By *T. B.* of *Ch— Ch—*

1.

MArriage! The greateſt Cheat that Prieſthood e'er contriv'd,
The Sanctify'd Intrigue, by which poor Man's Decoy'd.
That damn'd reſtraint to Pleaſure and Delight,
Th' unlawful Curber of the Appetite.
Curſt be the Sot, who firſt the Chains put on,
That added to the Fall, and made us twice undone!
That firſt durſt Womankind impropriate!
The Sex that liv'd before in a Free, Common State.

2.

The Golden Age this Pious Cheat ne'r knew;
Then Love was unadulterate and true,
Then we did unconfind Amours purſue.

If by his Flame the Shepherd was inſpir'd,
On no Coy Trifles the Coy Nymph retir'd;
Th' Officious Trees Pimpt for the honeſt Trade,
And made a kind and welcom ſhade.
Then like the Bord'ring Field was Womankind,
By no Land-Marks, or unjuſt Bounds confin'd.

3

'Tis true, if that by my ill Stars inclin'd,
So great a Treſpaſs I ſhou'd e're commit,
Your Charms alone wou'd change my Mind,
And tempt me to the Sin, tho Mighty 'tis and Great.
For you'd with vigorous Beauty ſtill incite
The Pall'd, and Wearied Appetite;
And what's a Mortal Sin with any other She,
To do with you a Venial Fault wou'd be.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

By Sir *Ch---- Sydley.*

Beauty and Wit so barely you requite,
That had not Nature joyn'd a dear Delight,
No Maid wou'd ever Yield, or Poet Write:
Yet sometimes Beauties Lottery sounds a Prize,
And in *Alcove* the happy Harlot lies,
While but one Wit can to a Laureat rise:
And then a Butt of Sack, and a small Pension,
Is the full Sum of his whole Lives Pretention.
If not stark mad, they'll leave us in the Lurch,
We have but one poor Living in our Church.
Hither you come, resolving not to like,
And bold blind Cocks at every Feather strike:
The Language one, another Damns the Plot,
And briskly hits the Poet, e're he Blot.

But,

But, pray be Civil, my Young empty *Beaux*
More Shew your ſelves, and only judge of Shows:
Unbend your Critic Brows, for a Young Wench
As ſoon may like a Judge upon the Bench,
As one of your Cenſorious Grimaces,
Let Wit alone, and truſt to your ſweet Faces.
No Man, nor Woman here expects that you
Should Judge, or Write, beyond a *Billet Doux*;
But if you can paſs by each ſmall Offence,
And ſtrain your Wits to find one Excellence,
'Tis much the trueſt, and beſt ſign of Senſe.

In Imitation of MARTIAL.

By *Tho. Brown.*

1.

NOthing than *Chloe* e're I knew
By Nature more befriended,
Celia's less Beautiful, 'tis true,
But by more Hearts attended.

2.

No Nymph alive with so much Art,
Receives her Shepherd's Firing;
Or do's such Cordial Drops impart
To Love, when just Expiring.

3.

Cold Niggard Age, that wou'd elsewhere,
At one poor Offering Falter,

To

To her whole Hecatombs wou'd Spare,
And pay them on her Altar.

4

But *Chloe* to Loves great Diſgrace
In Bed, not falls nor riſes,
And too much truſting to her Face
All other Arts deſpiſes.

5.

Why thus ye Powers that cauſe our ſmart,
Do ye Loves Gifts diſcover,
Or why thoſe happy Talents part
That ſhou'd be join'd for ever.

6.

For once perform an Act of Grace,
Implor'd with ſuch Devotion,
And grant my *Celia Cloe*'s Face,
Or *Chloe Celia*'s Motion.

On the D. of Monmouth's *Baniſhment from Court.*

By *E. R.*

Diſgrac'd! Undone! Forlorn! Made Fortunes Sport!
Baniſh'd the Kingdom firſt, and then the Court!
Out of my Places turn'd, and out of Doors,
And made the Meaneſt of your Sons of Whores:
The Scorn, the Laughter and the Common Chat
Of your Salt Bitches, and your other Brat.
Forc'd to live Private now, and Whore and Drink,
On my paſt Grandeur, and on my Folly think.
Wou'd I had been the Brat of ſome mean Drab,
Whom Fear or Shame had made to Choak or Stab;
Rather than thus the Iſſue of a King,
And by him made ſo wretch'd, ſo ſcorn'd a Thing.

What

What little Cauſe has Mankind to be Proud
Of Birth or Honour, th' Idols of a Crowd?
Have I Abroad in Battles Honour Won,
To be at Home Diſhonourably Undone?
Mark'd with a Star, a Garter, and made Fine
With all thoſe Gaudy Trifles once call'd Mine,
Your Hobby Horſes, and your Toyls of State,
And now become the Object of our Hate!
But Damme, Sir, I'll be Legitamate.
I was your Darling once againſt your Will;
Know, Sir, That I will be the Peoples ſtill.
And when that you are dead, I and the Rout
Will with my Popiſh Uncle have a bout.
And midſt my Troubles, this do's Comfort bring,
That next to you, by G--d I will be King.

Tom Roſs' *Ghoſt to* J. *D. of* Monmouth.

SHame of my Life, Diſturber of my Tomb!
Baſe, as thy Mothers Proſtituted Womb!
Huffing to Cowards, Fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to Credulous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave,
Like *Samuel* at the *Necromantick* Call
I riſe to tell thee, God has left thee *Saul.*
I ſtrove in vain th' infectious Blood to cure,
Streams will run muddy, when the Spring's impure.
In all your Meritorious Life we ſee
Old *Taffs* invincible Sobriety.
The Place of *Maſter of the Horſe*, and *Spye*,
You like *Tom Ho--d* did at once ſupply.
From *S----s* Blood your Loyalty does Spring,
You ſhew us all your Fathers, but the King:
From whoſe too tender, and too bounteous Arms
(Unhappy he, who ſuch a Viper warms)

As

As Dutiful a Subject as a Son,
To your true Parents the whole Town you run.
Read if thou canſt, how the old Apoſtate fell,
Out-do his Pride, and Merit more than Hell.
Both he and you were glorioufly bright,
The firſt and faireſt of the Sons of Light;
But like him too, you offer'd at a Crown,
Like him your angry Father kickt you down.

On King Charles *the First his Statue, why it is ſo long before it is put up at* Charing-Croſs.

WHat can the Miſtery be why *Charing-Croſs*
Theſe five Months continues ſtill blinded with Boards?
Dear *Wheeler* impart, we are all at a loſs,
Unleſs *Punchinello* is to be Reſtor'd.

Twere to *Scharamouchi*, too much diſrepect
To limit his Troop to this Theatre in all,
Beſides the Injuſtice it were to eject
That *Mimick* ſo legally ſeiz'd of *Whitehall*.

For a Dial, the Place is too unſecure,
Since a Guard and a Garden, wou'd not one defend,
For ſo near the Court, they will not endure
Any more to know how their time they miſpend.

Were these Deals then in store for Sheltering our Fleet,
When the King in *Armado* to *Portsmouth* did Sail,
Or the Bishop's and Treasurer did they agree,
To repair with such Ruff-Raff the Churches old *Pale*?

Now to comfort the Heart of the old Cavalier,
The late King on Horse back is here to be shown,
What a-do with the Kings and Statues is here,
Have we not had enough already of one?

Does the Treasurer think Men so legally tame,
When the Pensions are stopt, to be fool'd with a Sight?
No, 'tis forty to one, if he play on his Game,
But he'll shortly reduce it to *Eighty* and *Eight*.

The *Trojan* Horse, tho' not of Brass but of Wood,
And within't an Army that burnt down the Town,
However 'tis Ominous if understood,
For the Old King on Horse-back is but half a Crown.

But his Brother-in-Law's Horse, had got much Repute,
That the Treasurer thought fit to try it again,
And instead of a Market of Herbs and of Fruit,
He will here keep a Market of Parliament Men.

But why is the Work ſo long at a ſtand?
Such Things you ſhou'd never, or ſuddenly do;
As the Parliament was twice Prorog'd to your Hand,
Will you venture ſo long to prorogue the King too?

Let us have a *King*, be he new, be he old,
Not *Vyner* delay'd us ſo, tho' he was broken;
Tho' the *King* be of Copper and D--- of Gold,
Shall the Treaſurer of Guineas grutch us ſuch a Token?

Th' Huſwifry Treaſureſs, Suer's grown very Nice,
Who ſo Liberally Treated the Members at Supper,
She thinks not convenient to go to the Price,
Tho' we loſe both our *King*, our Horſe and our Crupper.

When for ſo many Parties we are to provide,
To buy a *King* is not ſo wiſe as to ſell,
But howe'r ſhe ſaid (it can't be deny'd)
But a Monarch of Ginger-bread will do as well.

The Treaſurer told her, he thought ſhe was mad,
And his Parliament-Roll, withal did produce,

When he shew'd her that so many Votes he then had,
As would the next Sessions reimburse him with use.

So the Statue will up after all this delay,
But to turn the Face towards *Whitehall* you must
shun,
Tho' of Brass, yet of Grief it will melt soon away,
To behold ev'ry day, such a Court, such a Son.

AN EPILOGUE.

Spoken to the UNIVERSITY of OXON.

By Mrs. *COOK.*

IN theſe our Pious times, when writing Plays
Was thought a Sin,——
And nothing Sanctify'd but *Opera*'s.
When to *Pindarick* Farce, true Senſe gave place,
And Muſick yielded to *Grabugh*'s Grimace,
Then to expect a Prologue was in vain,
Not Gold its wonted Influence cou'd retain,
Oxon muſt never hear a Laureat's Muſe again.
In a new Convert, after ſuch a Call,
To write for you, had been Heretical:

And truly, 'twas not Reaſon to deſire,
He ſhou'd once more incur the Church's Ire,
Faith, he was fley'd enough for th' *Spaniſh Fryer.*
Thus deſtitute of Prologue, in diſtreſs,
To Proteſtant, *Sir Courtly* we Addreſs,
Who expanding the fair Lillies of his hand,
Crys, Ladies and Gentlemen, you may command
In any thing, but writing for ſuch Clowns;
Foh! I ſhou'd die to think of Naſty Gowns.
To Iriſh Muſe (ſince Prologue muſt be had)
We had recourſe in lofty Garret ſad,
With Viſions, Emblems, and his Debts, run mad:
We found the Wretch in a good Natur'd Fit,
Pity'd us harmleſs Inſects, and then Writ:
Think not dread Sons of Wit, a rude Addreſs,
For your deſert, makes our Preſumption ceaſe.
You whoſe enliv'ning Influence gave Us Birth,
And taught us how to cheer the gladded Earth.
Lord! *Griffin*, how could'ſt thou ſpeak ſuch Bombaſte Stuff, A Player.
Cargoes of *Uſquebaugh* and Evidence. —
Ireland has often ſent, but ne'er yet come from thence.
Sir *Thomas Calico*'s Nutmeg full of Senſe.

'Twas

'Twas good old venerable *Johnſon*'s way,
To force us to th' approving of his Play,
By G--d! 'tis Good, and if you lik't, you may.
Now, if our Prologue be not underſtood,
A Score of *Iriſh men* ſhall Swear 'tis good:
But nothing can our Poet's Fame retrieve;
Tho *Engliſh-men* ſhou'd Swear, you'd ſcarce believe.
Well —— ſince Prologue has Miſcarry'd, I'm a Rogue,
If we know what to do for Epilogue:
Oxford I'm ſure, was once of Scriblers full,
But you are all Ill-natur'd grown or Dull:
To ſhew you then the effects of our Deſpair,
I've writ my ſelf, and Hiſs me if you dare.
A Woman Writer! why did Fame ne'er tell
Of any that in Poetry Excell?
Some of you know a Female Muſe too well.
I cou'd with Witty *Daphnis* too, be Free,
And Steal an Author's Verſe as well as ſhe,
Pronounce it too perhaps with equal Grace,
I'm ſure I've much th' advantage of the Face.
Cou'd I the Intereſt of my Sex engage,
I might deſpiſe pretending Critick's Rage.
Ladies, the Cenſuring Gallants of the Pit,
To what you like, implicitly ſubmit:

Whether you Country Ladies who appear
To ſhew New Gowns, and crowd an Audience here,
Whilſt gentle *Abigal* with *Roger* goes
To carry Maſter and Miſtreſs to the Shows,
To ſee the *Crocodil*, and get a-ſtride the *Rhinocero's*
Whilſt nown dear Honey-bud his Duck neglects
To ſee a Naked Monſter of her Sex.
Ladies, we can't be even, Gad! 'twas rudely done,
That never a Monſter ſhou'd be ſhown.
Next you, the Ladies of the *Oxford* Breed,
As you have been kind to us, may you ſucceed
In all your Wiſhes; may you every Year
With ſilent Muſick, School and Theater,
Enjoy the Pleaſures of an Act, without the Fear.
May the old fumbling Cit be ever Blind,
And Daughters without Portions, Husbands find,
And the full-Button'd Cullies, ſtill be kind.

TO

To be Written under the Dutchess of Portsmouth's *Picture.*

By Mr. *Dryden.*

HAD she but liv'd in *Cleopatra's* Age,
When Beauty did the Earth's great Lord Engage,
Britain, not *Ægypt*, had been Glorious made,
Augustus then (like *Julius*) had Obey'd:
A Nobler Theem had been this Poet's Boast,
That all the World for Love, had well been lost.

O! that sh' had liv'd in *Cleopatra's* Age.
And not in Ours, to fill us all with Rage,
To see *Great Britain* thus by her Betray'd,
And *Charles*, that once was Great, a Beggar made.
Of such a Theem, no Poet sure will Boast,
That would have Stole the Pearl that then was lost.

Sure

Sure we do live in *Cleopatra*'s Age,
Since *S*——*ld* does govern now the Stage:
She of *Septimius* had nothing made;
Pompey by her alone had been Betray'd:
Were she a Poet, she wou'd surely boast,
That all the World for *Pearls*, had well been Lost.

THE WHIM.

WHen *Israel* first Provok'd the Living Lord,
He scourg'd their Sin with Famine, Plague and Sword:
Still they Rebell'd; then God in's Wrath did fling
No Thunder-bolt among them, but a King;
A *James*-like King was Heaven's severest Rod,
The utmost Vengeance of an Angry God:
God in his Wrath, sent *Saul* to punish *Jewry*,
And *James* to *England*, in a greater Fury;
For *Saul* in Sin was no more like our *James*,
Than little *Jordan* can compare to *Thames*.

OF

Of an Old Woman at *Twittenham.*

OF all Diſſembling Gypſies, thou the worſt,
Aged in Ills here, and hereafter Curſt.
Damn'd thou muſt be, for certain there's in Heaven
No place for ſuch a *Phareſaick* Leaven:
Well vers'd in Fraud, in Whimſey and Pretence,
Of ſeeming Saint-ſhip, with the falſeſt Senſe:
By *Quaker* Notions, guided hopes to paſs
For a Devout Aſcetick wretched Aſs.
The little Carcaſs, with a mighty Mind,
Great Pride, and greater Poverty well join'd;
Prattles of Wiſdom and Philoſophy,
But does the atteſting of a Truth deny;
For humane Converſation very fit,
Yet ſhe (a ſhame to hear) was thought a Wit.
Angelick Truth, where doſt thou now Reſide?
Do not thy Light from her that Courts thee, hide,
Unfeignedly thou art Ador'd by me,
For all our good is briefly ſumm'd in thee:
In Woman-kind thou rarely can'ſt be found,
That Sex does with Perfidiouſneſs abound;

With

With Countenance compos'd, and Looks preciſe,
All the day long, they ſit and chatter Lies;
In vain to be Sincere, they do pretend,
No VVoman to another is a Friend.
I know 'em well, and beſt can make Relation,
There's ſcarce Ten Females true in all the Nation;
Brim-full of Folly, Wantonneſs and Pride,
With 'thouſand other Ills they have beſide:
I loath 'em all, might I but once give o'er,
The name of Woman I'd ne'er ask for more.
By Education chang'd, I Torments find,
When to th' inſipid Converſe I'm confin'd.
Unwary Men, at leaſt learn to be VViſe
And from my Obſervation, take Advice,
Let not ſuch Animals your Hearts Surprize.
Be ſtrictly watchful, make 'em all Obey,
Ne'er truſt to any thing they do or ſay:
For in deceitful Tears their Eyes they dreſs,
Their Tears, their VVords, their Looks, all Lies expreſs.
Heart-ſick o'th' Proſpect, I no more can write,
Aſhly engage in this, and do 'em Right.

A N-

ANSWER.

THe poor old wither'd Lady who was Lash'd
When last the Moon prevail'd on Mrs. Ash,
May Right her self; at least, if she thinks fit,
Th' Occasion's fair t' employ her Reverend Wit.
'Tis a more Youthful Cause I wou'd defend,
Against that Female Renegado Friend,
Who the last Libel against Women Pen'd:
False to her Sex, and doubly false to ours,
Envious to Love and all its Sacred Powers:
Her Malice wou'd in other Hearts destroy,
What her Ill-nature won't let her Enjoy.
Man was a happy Favourite above,
When Heaven endow'd him first with power to Love;
And God ne'er thought him in a perfect State,
Till Woman made his Paradise Compleat:

'Tis

'Tis true, her *Weakneſs* coſt him ſomething Dear,
Yet in his Fall his *Weakneſs* had its ſhare;
Much may be ſaid for her, but nothing him can clear.
She yielded to the Subtilty and Power
O'th' wiſeſt Serpent Hell had then in ſtore:
He, tho he ſaw at Stake Eternal Life,
VVas Fool enough to yield even to his VVife:
Nor do his Sons from his Example ſtray,
'Tis VVoman Promiſes, but Man Obeys.
The VVorld by them has ever yet been led,
And Cully'd Man content with Name of Head.
His ſtock of Brains appears by's Occupation,
All the Employ they leave his Noble Station,
Is Drudgery of State, Fighting and Procreation.
'Tis thus they uſe us, cauſe we thus deſerve;
For whereſoe'er true Merit they obſerve,
'Tis their delight their Lord to Pleaſe and Serve.
VVomen are wiſely of their Favours nice,
But yet Ingratitude is not their Vice;——
By Nature they are Good and Conſtant too,
VVhen Vicious, or when Falſe, we make 'em ſo:
'Tis on our Conduct chiefly hangs our Fate,
Neglect 'em, and your Title's in debate;

Not

Not Heat, but Provocation makes 'em Lewd,
Most Husbands may be Safe, if they'll be Good.
Cou'd Man but once resolve to Sin no more,
He'd Woman soon t' her Innocence restore.
Woman, the happy Pledge of Heaven's good will,
Woman, the perfect Product of its Skill:
'Tis Woman all our happy Hours Employs:
Woman, the Center of all our Earthly Joys:
And yet cou'd I be all she is or can,
I wou'd not cease to be that Creature Man:
Man as I am, so Man I would still rest;
I wou'd be Man, to be by Woman Blest.

Upon

Upon the late Recovery of Mrs. *MOHUN*, from the *Small Pox*.

AS when the Queen of Love, engag'd in War,
Was rashly Wounded by the *Grecian's* Spear,
All Parties were Concern'd to see her Bleed,
And he himself did first repent the Deed;
He left th' Inglorious Field with Grief and Shame,
Where his last Conquest had destroy'd his Name.

So Sickness flies from you with such a Grief,
Asham'd that ever he begun the Strife.
All Claim to you, th' Invader has resign'd,
And left no Mark of Hostile Rage behind:
No Tricks no Signs of Tyranny remain,
But exil'd Beauty is restor'd again,
Fix'd in a Sphere which was before her own,
More firm than ever, she secures her Throne.

Mildly, Ah! mildly, then your Power maintain,
And take Example from *Maria*'s Reign:
Large may your Empire under her be seen,
The fair Vice-gerent of the Faireſt Queen.
Through you may all our Vows to her be hear'd;
Our humble Verſe by you alone preferr'd:
No Bleſſings can the Pious Suppliant want,
While ſhe the Goddeſs is, and you the Saint.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Eastcourt, 1693, *upon my Lord* Sydney's *leaving* Ireland.

WHat Wayward Fate do's ſtill attend this Iſle?
Do's all our hopes thus enviouſly beguile?
We, the poor Remnant of a Ruin'd Stage,
(For we have ſmarted by inteſtine Rage)
Thought our ſelves well, and happily Retriev'd,
Till by this Parting ſenſibly aggriev'd.
In you Great Sir, we'd all, Deſire cou'd frame,
Your Preſence was our Glory, and your loſs our Shame.
You were the Grand Encourager of Wit;
Still fill'd our Boxes, Galleries and Pit:
You've Grac'd us often, ſeen us Repreſent
Heroes of Story; but 'twas you we meant:
Each Vertuous Character the Poet drew,
We always found did Terminate in you.
Unhappy Nation, by falſe Meaſures led,
Contented not, tho' ſtill with *Manna* fed:

Else what could such good Nature so invite,
To leave that Kingdom which he came to Right.
But now———
Even Factions joyn your Parting to Lament,
And howsoever disagree---- consent
In this--- by you nought but their good was meant.
Yet we, unhappy we, with aking Heart,
Too sadly feel the Misery to part.
Well, since 'tis so, quick be your Passage over,
No heartier wish was ever made by Lover.
Yet Lover like, my wish I wou'd retain,
And lose a Satisfaction yet by pain,
And like that Lover wish you here again.
I'll Pray, by Heaven I'll Pray it may be so,
And that's a thing Players don't use to do.
I'm wishing--- yes, I wish a prosperous Gale,
Yet can't forgive the Winds that fill the Sail;
Yet I must wish--- Oh may the Winds and Seas
Waft him as gently as the Calms of Peace.
My wishes still run Counter, to my fear,
Oh! we shall ne'er, I doubt, ne'r see him here,
Heaven grant I prove--- a false Astrologer.

-----Runs off.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

By Mrs. Butler--- *Spoken immediately after the others running out.*

HOW contrary soe're to Form---- I crave
Humbly to pay my Thanks, and take my leave;
The Fatal Knife offer'd to's Father's Throat,
(So great is the Concern by Sorrow wrought)
Gave *Cræsus* Son an utterance to thought.
Dumb, tho' he was, Grief, Nature overcame,
Tun'd his dull Organs, and a Voice cou'd Frame.
No Fathers loss cou'd prove severer Fate,
Than what your Absence will to us Create:

How chearfully we ſtill gave out each Play
Secure of Favour in your Generous Sway:
What the Effects, Sir, of your Loſs will be,
I can without Aſtrology foreſee,
The Town it ſelf, a Widow will become,
The Stage an Orphan, and our ſelves undone.

SONG

SONG.

By Lord C——s.

I Us'd to wonder, when I read
That one False Woman heretofore,
Such high Debate and Ruine bred,
But now I blame the *Greek* no more:
Oh, 'tis a hard and cruel part
A Rooted Paſſion to expell,
From a tender faithful Heart,
And ſure no Crime to love too well!

The Wretch that tears an Arrow from his Side,
Adds to his pain, and makes the Wound more wide!

ANSWER.

By a LADY.

I Us'd to wonder when I read
That Treacherous Mankind heretofore,
To Women had such ruin bred,
And blame, whoever trusts 'em more;
'Tis sure a very easie part,
A feigned Passion to remove
From a false deceitful Heart,
For who Courts all, does no one Love.
The Brave that tears an Arrow from his Side,
Is thereby cur'd, tho't make the Wound more wide.

The Former Age accuse no more
For Ours in Falsness does excel,
And all Deceit Men practise o're
To be expert i'th' Crasts of Hell.

For

For when they ſtrive to ſhew their Art,
The Fair ones Pity they purſue,
Pleas'd wite the Cheat, they bid adieu.

Reproach inſtead of Pity he ſhou'd gain,
That makes diſſembl'd Love his greateſt pain.

A LETTER TO Mr. Shepherd.

Writ by a LADY.

YOU that to Write and Judge are able,
(Diſtinguiſh'd from the Scribling Rable)
You are concern'd with ſome few more,
That Wit ſhou'd be debas'd no lower:
If Fools at under Rates can pleaſe,
Parnaſus Rents muſt needs Decreaſe.
See, *Peyton*'s Works, and *Wharton*'s paſs,
As Current, as in *Ireland* Braſs!
Quit your Pretenſions to the Muſes,
Or put a ſtop to theſe Abuſes:

Where

There Sign-Posts take, vain's the Ambition
Of Painting like *Vandike*, or *Titian*.
While yet the danger's at ſome diſtance,
Shepherd, ariſe, and give aſſiſtance,
To free Wits Empire from the Scandals
And dull Incurſions of theſe *Vandals*.

The preſent *Laureat* is Crazy;
When there's a Vacancy may't pleaſe ye
Frankly to give away the Bayes
(No Poet ever bought a Place:)
Beſtow't on one that can Write Satyr,
Since the Age's Taſt's turn'd to Ill Nature;
But let his Stile be ſo prevailing,
As to beat down the Price of Railing.
Let him in ſome ſoft Elegies repair,
The Wrongs that have been done the Libell'd Fair.

Or cou'd you find a *Muſe* for ſuch a Theme,
There wants not Matter, for a Nobler Flame:
Great *William*'s Labours, his Succeſs,
Reſtoring Injur'd *Europe*'s Peace.
Let *France* ſtill boaſt of her United Power;
Her Union ſerves but to Enſlave her more:

On

On *William's* Conquests, Liberty attends,
The Right of Kingdoms, and of States depends.

No less the Task, to Tune the Lyre,
That would to *Mary's* Praise Aspire:
From willing Nations, what Applause,
What Love, her Taste of Empire draws!
How skilfully she wears a Crown!
How unconcern'd she lays it down!
In her, the Virtues of our Sex are known,
While she Retains the Softness of her own.

SONG.

SONG.

By J. H. *Esq;*

DIE wretched *Damon*, die quickly to ease her,
Vain is thy Study, the Ingrateful to move,
Thy Meritorious Truth does but displease her,
So like all Prosperous Power is Love.

Why shou'd thy ill return'd Passion upbraid her,
Too fierce it flam'd out, too tender it grew;
A Beauty must be as Nature has made her,
A Prey to False Hearts, and a Plague to the True.

Framing new Plots to please, sighing and serving,
Spin out no more a Life, wasted with Care,
Never was Woman won by well deserving,
Caprice, or Interest, still misguide the Fair.

Since

Since her hard Heart averſe, evermore flies thee,
Let Death more kind than ſhe, finiſh the pain,
Give her that eaſe at laſt which ſhe denies thee;
Never of Love ſo true, let her Complain.

SONG.

ANSWER.

By Lord D——

Damon, if thou wilt believe me,
'Tis not ſighing round the Plain,
Ode, or *Sonnet* can't relieve thee;
Faint attempts in Love are vain.

Love

Love gives out a large Commission
Still Indulgent to the Brave,
But one Sin of base Omission,
Never Woman yet forgave.

Press but home the fair Occasion
And be Master of the Field,
To a Powerful kind Invasion,
'Twere a madness not to yield.

Tho' she swears she'll not permit ye,
Cry's you're Rude, and much to blame,
Or with Tears Implores your Pity;
Be not Merciful for shame,

When the fierce Assault is over,
Cloris soon enough will find,
This her cruel furious Lover,
Much more gentle, not so kind.

ODE.

ODE.

In Imitation of HORACE.

Nutis in usum Lætitiæ Scyphis, &c.
Hor. Lib. II. Od. 7.

1.

HOW damn'd a Folly 'tis to Fight,
With Bottles, brought for our Delight!
Forbear for shame, I pray forbear,
It looks too like a *Wappineer*,
With Brandy Drunk, or fulsom Beer.

2.

Let each Man now forget his Broil,
And let full Glasses Reconcile

Us Friends: For surely *Snick* and *Snee*
With Pipe and Bottle don't agree:
Cease Brawling then, and Quiet be.

3

Will you that I take off my Glass?
Let *Harry* then, tell me the Lass
That has Heart: Will you deny
To tell me now: Then let me die
If I drink more, I swear, not I.

4

The Beauty, whoso'er she is,
Hath nothing in her sure amiss.
Her Virtue must attract thy Flame,
Why shou'd you blush where is no shame!
Then tell me softly the dear Name?

5

Ah! wretched *Harry*! Lost, undone!
A Pockier Bitch is not in Town:
Just Physick, and Advice you are,
Your Purse and Body she'll not spare,
But Plague you more than you can Fear.

The Prophetick Speech of the Earl of Desmon's *Ghost, to the Lord* Poor, *as he was going towards* Cork, Aug. 1688.

FRom Sable Regions of Eternal Night,
From Gloomy Mansions never bless'd with Light
The wretched *Desmond* comes; to tell a Story
He learnt in Hell; not Priest-forg'd Purgatory
Nay, stop, my Lord; give ear, and learn of me,
The secret dark Designs of Destiny.

Before the silent gliding Tract of Time,
Compleats the Years of Eighty Eight and Nine
Hibernia freed from *British* Chains shall see,
Her long oppress'd Sons at Liberty;
Those Tyrants, now whose Slavish Chains they wear,
Shall then Themselves their Captives Shackles bear;
The true-born Natives shall possess once more,
What Curs'd Hereticks enjoy'd before.

But

But Oh! I'm forc'd to leave the welcom
Theme,
So ſhort indeed, it looks but like a Dream.
How ſwift, *Hibernia*, comes thy Glory's Date!
Thou can'ſt not ſtop the Courſe of Mighty Fate.
In Eighty Nine thy *Halcyon Days* are done;
Then comes the Bloody Score of Forty One.
Methinks, I ſee the Engliſh Troops come o'er,
And Triumph in thy Slaughter'd Natives Gore.
They to appeaſe each Butcher'd *Britain's* Shrine,
Shall immolate whole Hecatombs of Thine.
Fir'd with Revenge, the furious Engliſh Band,
Breathe nought but Blood and Death throughout thy
Land.
Deep Mortal Stabs thy bleeding State ſhall vex,
Deaf to the begging Cry of Age, or Sex;
Till, having ſet this Kingdom in a Flame,
They root from under Heav'n the Iriſh Name.
Dear Native Soil! Oh lamentable State!
I read thy Ruin in the Book of Fate:
Which dreadful Scene my Soul does ſo affright,
That it ſhrinks back into Eternal Night.

SONG.

GReat *Nassau* our Realms Restorer,
Pious, Valiant, Just and Wise;
Each Heart at once is your Adorer,
And your Grateful Sacrifice.
Let *Mary's* Charming Beauty,
Sweeten all your Toils of State,
While she with Love, and we with Duty,
Make you Blest, and make you Great.

Europe swells with Joy and Wonder,
While *Nassau* the Throne Ascends;
Renews like *Jove*, for Foes his Thunder,
Choisest Blessings for his Friends.
Wiser States seeks his Allyance,
While the Stubborn meet their Doom;
He bids the French Great Turk Defiance:
Wo be next to *Pagan Rome*.

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE.

By *J. H*——, Esq;

Shepherdess. YOU say 'tis Love Creates the Pain,
Of which so sadly you Complain:
And yet wou'd fain engage my Heart,
In the same hard uneasie part.
But how (alas) d'ye think that I
Can bear the Wound with which you die?

Shepherd. 'Tis not my Passion makes my Care,
But your indifference gives Dispair.
The lusty Sun can make no Spring,
Till gentlier Showers assistance bring.
That Flame which scorches and destroys,
Soften'd by Kindness, brings forth Joys.

Shep--ss. Love has a thousand ways to please,
But more to rob us of our ease;

For Reſtleſs Nights and Careful Days,
Some hours of Pleaſures it repays;
But abſence ſoon, and jealous Fears,
Drowns our ſhort Joys in Floods of Tears.

Shep--d. By vain and ſenceleſs Forms betray'd,
Harmleſs Love's the Offender made;
While we no other Pains endure,
But thoſe which we our ſelves procure:
And one ſoft moment makes amends
For all the Torment that attends.

CHORUS.

Let us Love, let us Love, and to Happineſs haſte,
Age and Wiſdom comes too faſt;
Youth for Loving was deſign'd.
Shep--d alone---- *I'll be conſtant, you be kind.*
Shep--ſs alone--- *You be conſtant, I'll be kind.*
Heaven can beſtow no greater Bleſſing,
Than faithful Love, and kind Poſſeſſing.

A Great SOUL.

GIve me a *Soul* ſo Great, ſo High,
Let her Dimenſions reach the Skie.
That comprehends within a Thought,
The whole extent 'twixt Good and Nought:
And from the Worlds firſt Birth and Date,
Her Life and Death can Calculate,
With all the Adventures which ſhall paſs
To every Atom of the Maſs.
But let her be as Good as Great,
Her higheſt Throne a Mercy-Seat:
Soft and diſſolviug like a Cloud,
Loſing her ſelf in doing Good.
A Cloud that leaves its place above,
Rather than dry and uſeleſs prove,
Falls in a Show'r upon the Earth,
And gives ten thouſand Seeds a Birth,
Hangs on the Flowers and Infant Plants,
Nor ſucks their Sweets, but feeds their wants.

So let this Mighty Mind diffuse,
All that's, its own to others use,
And free from private ends retain,
Nothing of't Self, but only Name.

To CELIA.

GIve, *Celia*, but to me alone,
Ten thousand Kisses all in one;
Let me not such from thee receive,
As Daughters to their Fathers give,
Or as the Sister to her Brother,
Or the young Fondling to his Mother:
But such as by the Panting Bride,
Now lying by her Husband's Side,
(The Fort but once or twice assay'd
Not fully gain'd, still half a Maid)
Are in sweet short breath'd Murmurs paid.
I must to lengthen on the Pleasure,
Dwell on thy Lips, and kiss by leisure,

Who

Who am not one that loves to kiss
Goddesses breathless Images;
Nor can I the most Beauteous Saint,
The loveliest Saint, salute in Paint.
Warm Flesh and Blood I'd rather chuse,
A tender Creature full of Juice;
Darting her nimble Tongue between
My moistned Lips, there meeting mine;
Sometimes I'd catch the pliant Toy,
Suck it a while with eager Joy.
Then let it go, and gently nip,
Instead of it, the nether Lip.
Thus *Celia*, wou'd we sport away,
Like Cooing Doves the happy Day:
And never sated with Delight,
Begin the same again at Night.
Compar'd with Kisses, such as these,
Nectar it self insipid is.
Give me but these alone, and leave
To stroke thy Bubbies as they heave;
Let my Hand thence gently rove,
Down to the pleasing Seat of Love;
Whither, do what we can, i'th' end,
Our Curiosity will tend;

Then

Then let thoſe Miſtreſſes above,
Venus and *Hebe* (that of Love
And this of Youth, the *Deity*)
Fall to whoſe ſhare they will for me.
I'll envy none, nor e're Repine,
Since Judge who will, the odds are Mine.

Luſus in Priapum. *In Praiſe of Nakedneſs, and in Imitation of* Petron. Arbit.

Cur ſua ſigna Dei, &c.

By *Charles Blunt*, Eſq; 1689.

THe Almighty Image of his Shape afraid,
And hide the Nobleſt part e'r Nature made,
That *him* alone ſucceeds in his Creating Trade!
The Fall this Fig-leav'd Modeſty began
To puniſh Woman by obſcuring Man.
Before, when e're his Stately Cedar mov'd;
She Saw, Ador'd, and Kiſs'd the Thing ſhe lov'd;

Or

Or with it wip'd her Eyes, for Female Chymists hold
Twill cure a Rhume, as well as Angel-Gold:
Then as the Sails about a Mast are furl'd;
Her open Thyghs about his Loyns she hurl'd;
And th' Horizon of his lower World.
Such Covering only fit for him to bear,
Which he becomes (as all the Women swear)
Better than any Pope St. *Peter's* Chair.
Why do the Gods their several Signs disclose?
Omnipotent *Jove* his *Thunder-Bolt* expose
Neptune his *Trident*, *Mars* his Weapon too,
Pallas her Spear to each Spectators view;
And poor *Priapus* be alone confin'd
To obscure the Womans God, and Parent of Mankind?
Since free-born Beasts their Liberty obtain,
Long hast thou Journey-workt for Souls in vain,
When up Imprison'd, and a Slave in Bed,
A Captiv'd God that fears to shew his Head!
Storm the *Pantheon*, and demand thy Right,
To be no more Eclips'd from Human Sight;
But Conquer in the Day, and Triumph in the Night!

Cur sua signa Dei, &c.

The Translation.

The

The Two Gown-Men, &c.

WHat Strange Viciſitudes our Age has known,
Depoſing, and Advancing to a Throne!
While every Change by Law is Juſtify'd,
For Law was ever on the Strongeſt ſide:
All Covet to Adore the Riſing Sun
Yet blame his Beams e'r half his Race is run:
His Favours are not equally beſtow'd,
They Pine for Want, or Surfeit with the Load.
And none are more uneaſie in their Station,
Than are the Prieſts, and Lawyers of the Nation.
Now, in Debates of greateſt Conſequence,
The Intereſt of a Kingdom and a Prince.
If we a ſtrict Examination make,
And Scan the Meaſures they of late did take,
How in Man's Memory that paſs'd for Law
(When Fear or Intereſt held the Slaves in Awe)

Which

Which now with one Aſſent they all Decline,
And in the very Contradiction Joyn.
An Ignorant Judge was ever held a Curſe,
But he that's Impudent, is much more worſe;
Now when theſe Virtues in one Man do meet,
How is he Qualify'd for th' Judgment-Seat?
Yet none but ſuch have worn the Robe of late,
No wonder then at this our turn of State:
That Ignorance helps Devotion, as ſome own,
'Tis plain 'that help'd our Monarch from his Throne;
For had he with one grain of Senſe been bleſt,
He ne'r had made himſelf all *Europe's* Jeſt.
Had I been he, I'd have Abjur'd the *Maſs*,
Er I'd have Chronicl'd my ſelf an Aſs,
Now he, and's Queen together Hand in Hand,
May make a Viſit to the *Holy Land*;
Or to *Loretto* go on *Pilgrimage*,
Preſent her with Young *Taffy* for a Page:
Perhaps ſhe may return the Diamond Bodkin,
Which if ſhe does, (By G--d) 'twill be an odd thing.
Saints, Prieſts, and Lawyers, will like Whores receive,
But know no Preſident ought back to give.
Nay, the Reformed Church-Men of our Nation
Uſe all endeavours to keep up that Faſhion:

They

They Preach up Heaven, yet gape for Earthly Gain,
And don't believe the Tenets they Maintain:
For if they did, why does their Converſation
Declare 'em the leaſt Chriſtians in the Nation?
The Road to Heaven to others they can ſhow,
But in thoſe Paths, they fear, or hate to go:
Whatever from the Pulpit they Declare,
None ought to Queſtion, nor indeed none dare.
Our Faith upon the Lawn Sleeves is annext,
'Tis damnable not to believe the Text:
The Contradictions every day they Preach,
And make the Scriptures, Scriptures to Impeach.
Oh what a Medly of that Book is made,
Since Prieſthood was diſſolv'd in a Trade!
While thoſe who ne're the *Calender* did learn,
Nor cou'd the *Rubrick* of the Church diſcern.
Are called the Men whoſe Feet is Beautiful,
Yet none's more Sottiſh, Ignorant and Dull.
When *Rome* of late had got the Weather-gage,
And Publickly appear'd upon the Stage:
Tho' Favour'd and Encourag'd by that K——
Whom they, and only they to th' Thone did bring:

Yet

Yet when their Tythes, their Off'rings and Church-Lands
Were likely to be Raviſh'd from their Hands,
With open Mouth Defiance they Declare,
And every *Pulpiteer* Proclaims the War:
Then *Rome*, which was the Mother-Church before,
Is Stil'd no better than the *Scarlet Whore*.
Its *Babyloniſh* Trinkets all Reveal'd,
Which but for Intereſt, might have been Conceal'd.
Nor will one Sober Man believe me Rude,
If I with this Poſition do Conclude;
Thoſe Countries are more Happy than the reſt,
Who never heard of Lawyer or of Prieſt;
For if there is a Plague on this ſide Hell,
'Tis only there where thoſe Tormentors dwell.
Equally Odious, equally Accurſt;
None but an *Oedipus* knows which is worſt.

Rochester's

Rochester's GHOST.

Addressing himself to the Secretary of the MUSES.

FRom the deep Vaulted Den of endless Night,
I've thro' the Center forc'd my way to Light,
To sing my old Associates vain Designs,
And Scourge 'em into Knowledge of their Crimes,
Which I my self by fatal Proof may tell
If justly Scan'd, as justly merit Hell.
Thou *Julian*, who through all thy life hast shown
A love to Scandal equal to my own;
That mutual Friendship to thy Mind recal,
And what I tell thee, tell again to all.
A Peer shall Grace the Van, and so 'tis fit,
The first in Lewdness, though not the first in Wit.
Through all the Ills that wait on Man, h'has run,
As if (like me) h'has long'd to be undone.
There's not a day, but like some Snarling Antick,
Proves him either Peevish, Dull or Frantick;

Then

Then vainly for to boaſt of Conqueſts won,
What Mothers h'has betray'd, what Maids undone,
Is but a Snare, that draws more miſchief on.
'Tis ſtrange that he, who has been us'd ſo ill,
Shou'd ſpite of Claps continue Cully ſtill,
Or fondly with ill Women keep a pother,
Firſt Marrying one, now Jilted by another.

Nor ſhall his Buffoon Followers ſcape my Rage,
Thoſe Fam'd Supporters of a Vicious Age.
Lewd in their Lives, unlimited in Nonſenſe,
Two Beaſts, that never make no uſe of Conſcience;
Pimping and Scandals are their chief Delight,
And yet they never get a Farthing by't:
How often have I laugh'd to ſee the Brutes
Engag'd in vain Fantaſtical Diſputes,
While all that cou'd be learn'd from the Conteſt,
When e'er they came to Earneſt, 'twas a Jeſt;
If they have Wit, 'tis neither more nor leſs
Than *Merry-Andrew* does in Fairs expreſs,
As being Cloath'd in the ſame Clowniſh Dreſs.

But now 'tis time I ſhou'd a Fourth diſplay,
Much ſuch another Animal as they.

Vain in his Garb, and Vicious in his Nature,
All his whole Life's but one continued Satyr;
Upon himself, then for his Wit, 'tis such,
He thinks too little, and he prates too much:
Never was such a Flux of Words pour'd forth,
Mixt with so little Profit, Grace, or Worth;
But as an Apple, though 'twas sound before,
When once a Maggot seizes on the Core,
Streight the whole Mass insensibly decays
Just like our Author, since he Writ his Plays:
Who, by the Rage of Pox and Impotence,
Is crampt both in his Judgment, and his Sense;
And forc'd for Refuge to a Pitch so common
Of making Songs to please the Fools and Women.

Another wou'd with these in all things suit,
Only in all things, he's of less Repute,
Baser of Soul, than Form, and Dame Nature
Ne're before him made such an Aukward Creature.
True, he has Sense they say, but Credit me,
True Sense does not consist in Blasphemy;
For 'tis the Prophets unsuspected Rule,
That he, who owns no God, must be a Fool.

Yet

Yet were this not of force to make him ſo,
There's one undoubted Proof that needs muſt do;
And that's the Matrimonial Badge he wears,
For what but ſuch, wou'd e'er Embrace the Cares
Of wilful Bondage in his Waining Years.
Some ſay the Nuptial Knot was ty'd, t'untye
The Mortgages that on his Land do lie;
But my Opinion is, they're in the wrong,
He can't be Juſt, h'has been a Knave ſo long:
'Tis like expecting Fiſh to life in Air,
Or thou to leave the Juice of Grapes for Beer.
Oh Marqueſs! why didſt Match thy Blood ſo ill?
Hadſt thou in all things ſhew'd ſuch want of Skill,
Thou mighteſt e'en have ſtuck at *Savil* ſtill.

A Sixth there is in that ſo Ill, ſo Nice,
He's ever ſtriving to improve in Vice;
It has been long his chief Deſign and Care,
Firſt to get Baſtards, and then make 'em Heirs,
The only Fruit that her Rank Soyl will bear,
Or ſuch a Sire deſerve; I need not tell
She's nauſeous to the Sight, as to the Smell:
I mean to every Smell, but to his own,
For he (happy in nothing elſe) has none:

Ev'n *Coxes* Cully is before him Priz'd,
And where's the Man that can be more diſpis'd.
If theſe are Wits, or e'er deſerv'd that Name,
Let me unpitied go, from whence I came,
Plung'd to the bottom of the rowing Flame.
'Tis true, your Laureat well deſerves the Bayes,
Witneſs the Genius that Adorns his Plays,
But chiefly thoſe he Writ in former days;
Yet, if in Death I may at leaſt be free,
As in my Life time, he has been to me;
To lay the Slave down flat upon his Face,
I uſe the Words, becauſe his Subject's baſe;
So, that the Monarch may in Pomp appear,
If not an Aſs, you'l read a Villain threre,
For 'tis the gen'ral Vote from King to Slave,
Although the Poets good, the Man's a Knave;
But let him paſs, for now comes Stalking on,
The Awful Majeſty of ſtiff King *John*,
With Noſe cockt up, and Viſſage like a Fury,
Or Fore-Man of an *Ignoramus Jury*.
I'll ſpeak not of his Slouching Lobby Meen,
(Although it is the worſt that e're was ſeen)
Becauſe of late his whole Deſign and Trade is,
With thoſe Accompliſhments to gain the Ladies;

To

To whom his Laurel'd Wit, has op'd the way,
Witneſs the late Imparellel'd Eſſay,
A Work, which all admire, and well they may.
For what Inſipid Sot can e'er Write ill,
When *Waller*, *Leigh*, and *Dryden* Guide the Quill
Falkland and *El---d*, *Henningham* and *Wharton*,
Mord--t and *How* (all dull as Scotch *Dunbarton*)
Are ſuch a Medly of Conceited Chits,
I wonder who the Devil Dubb'd 'em Wits;
Their Skill in Poeſy; we may beſt diſcover,
Where there foul Quills throw Dirt at one another.

And here (wou'd time permit me) I cou'd tell
Of *Cle--land*, *Portſmouth*, *Croſs* and *Arundel*;
Mall Howard, *Suſſex*, Lady *Gray* and *Nell*,
Strangers to Good, but Boſom Friends to Ill,
As boundleſs in their Luſt, as in their Will:
But ſee, the Morning breaks, I muſt away,
Souls damn'd to Night, muſt never view the Day.

O Rus quando te Aſpiciam? Quando licebet,
Nunc Veterum Scriptis, nunc Somno & inertibus horis,
Ducerd Solicitæ jucunda oblivia Vitæ?

Paraphras'd.

UPon the Downs when ſhall I breathe at eaſe?
Have nothing elſe to do, but what I pleaſe?
In a freſh cooling Shade, upon the Brink
Of *Arden's* Spring, have time to Read and Think;
And ſtretch and ſleep; when all my care ſhall be
For Health and Pleaſure, my Philoſophy?

When ſhall I reſt from Buſineſs, Noiſe, and Strife;
Lay down the Soldiers, and the Courtiers Life?
And, in ſome Smiling Melancholly Seat,
Begin for ſhame at leaſt to live, and to forget
The Nonſenſe, and the Farce, of what the Fools call Great.

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

WHat *Noſterdame*, with all his Art can gueſs
The Fate of our approaching *Propheteſs*?
A Play, that, like a Proſpective ſet right,
Preſents our vaſt Expences cloſe to ſight;
But turn the *Tube*, and then we ſadly view
Our diſtant Gain, and thoſe uncertain too:
A ſweeping Tax, which on our ſelves we raiſe,
And all, like you, in hope of better Days.
When will out Loſſes warn us to be Wiſe?
Our Wealth decreaſes, and our Charges riſe:
Money, the ſweet Allurer of our Hopes,
Ebs out by Oceans, but comes in by Drops,
We raiſe new Objects, to provoke Delight;
But you are ſated, e're the Second ſight.

False Men! Ev'n so you use your Mistresses,
They rise three Stories in their Tow'ring Dress,
And, after all, you Love not long enough
To pay the Rigging, e'r you turn 'em off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to Change, and English Men all o're.
Now Honour calls you hence, and all your Care
Is to provide for the fierce Pomp of War:
In Plume and Scarf, Jack-Boots, and Bilbo-Blade,
The Silver goes, which shou'd support our Tade,
But we shall flourish, sure, when you are paid.
Go, unkind Heroes! Leave our Stage to Mourn,
Till Rich, from Vanquish'd Rebels you return,
And the fat Spoils of *Teague* in Triumph draw,
His Firkin Butter, and his Usquebaugh.
Go Conquerors of your Male and Female Foes,
Men without Hearts, and Women without Hose!
Each bring his Love a *Bogland* Captive Home,
Such proper Pages will long Trains become,
With Copper Culters and with Brawny Backs,
Quite to put down the Fashion of our Blacks:
Then shall the Pious *Muses* pay their Vows,
And furnish all their Laurels for your Brows;

Their

Their Tuneful Voice, ſhall riſe for your Delights;
We want not Poets fit to Write your Fights.
But you, brisk Beauties, for whoſe only ſake
Theſe doughty Knights ſuch Dangers undertake,
When they with happy Gales are gone away,
With your Propitious Preſence Grace our Play,
And with a Sigh, their empty Seats Survey:
Then think on that bare Bench my Servant ſate,
I ſee him Ogle ſtill, and hear him Chat,
Selling facetious Bargains, and Propounding
That Wity Recreation, call'd Duſmounding.
Their loſs with Patience we will ſtrive to bear;
And wou'd do more, to ſee you often here:
That our dead Stage, reviv'd by your bright Eyes,
Under a Female Regency may riſe.

EPI-

EPITAPH

ON

JULIAN, *Secretary of the Muses.*

UNder this Weeping Monumental Stone,
There lyes a Scribe, who, while he liv'd, was known
To every Bawd, Whore, Pimp, Fop, Fool, in Town.
For Scandal he was Born; and we shall find,
That now he's Dead, there's little left behind.
Vast was his Courage witness all his store
Of Noble Scars, that to his Grave he bore,
Got all in War; for he abhorr'd a Whore.
Of spreading Libels, nothing shall be said,
Because 'twas that, which brought him in his Bread;
And 'tis a Crime to Vilifie the Dead.

His

His honour for Religion ſtill was great,
In *Covent-Garden* Church he'd Slumbring ſit,
To ſhow his Piety was like his Wit,
But, above all, Drink was his chief delight,
He drank all day, yet left not off at Night:
Drink was his Miſtreſs, nay Drink was his Health,
For without drinking, he was ne'er himſelf,
Ah Cruel Gods! what Merit can you boaſt,
If the poor *Secretary*'s frighted Ghoſt
Shou'd chance to touch upon the *Stygian* Coaſt?
But Ah! his loſs 'tis now too late to Mourn!
He's gone, and Fate admits of no Return:
But whether is he gone? To Heav'n, no doubt;
Where if there's any Drink, he'll find it out.

The

The Prince of Whigland.

1.

THE Prince of *Whigland* Swaggers in *White-Hall*,
Have at you ſneaking Currs, have at you all,
From the great Vulgar Slaves, down to the ſmall.

2

Go run, and break your Necks, who firſt ſhall pay
Homage to th' worthleſs piece of Faſhion'd Clay,
Which you cry'd Crucifie but Yeſterday.

3

His no ill Mein, at firſt might well allow
Some hopes of Vertue, while you did not know,
But look for Truth, the Jugling Pageant Show.

4

Such well-form'd Lines Recomendations are,
That Nature writes in favour of the Fair,
Of which, ev'n the few Wiſe are not aware.

5. They

5

They Introduce; but when you try and find
The poyſon'd Symptoms of a Baſtard's Mind,
A falſe Son, Nephew, Subject, Husband, Friend:
Cancel thoſe Lines, how fair ſo e'er they're writ,
Tear the gilt Paper, uſe it when you Shit.

SATYR

AGAINST

MATRIMONY.

DAmn that Opinion, which will not allow
Thoſe harmleſs Sports Nature commands us to,
Without Indenture and loud Proclamation
Made by a Fop to a dull Congregation;
The Gods themſelves cou'd ne'er endure that Faſhion.

To

To Prieſts like Scriveners, ſome will apply
Themſelves who doubt of their Security;
But Gen'rous Souls, like Gods, move in a Sphere
Above thoſe Tyes made by old Sinners here:
They are for that free way of Propagation,
Made by the Law of Nature, not o'th' Nation,
Which dulls the pleaſure by its Limitation.
Let Foppiſh Zeal, Devotion's Baſtard, ſay
What e'er it can, our private Pleaſures may
Be as Divine, although not us'd that way.
What you call Vertue's but a Compoſition
Of ſuch Ingredients Nature makes her Fiſh on.
Dull Phlegm and Melancholy, do produce
Zeal in abundance; That does introduce
Such Bug-bears in your Fancy, that an Ant
Appears to you to be an Elephant.
Nature the God's great Inſtrument, muſt be
Branded by you, with all the Infamy
You can Aſperſe her, and all this becauſe
She gives us freedom by her Sacred Laws,
To uſe thoſe Pleaſures ſhe for us has made,
And not to ſtand upon the Levites Aid.

Good

Good Man, he crys for Matrimony! Why?
It brings a gain to his Divinity:
Chriſtnings and Burials do the ſame, I vow,
If you omit 'em, there's Damnation too.
But why ſhould the poor Brat in danger be
Of being Damn'd, becauſe not *Croſs*'d by thee?
Or why where Funeral Rite omitted is,
Shou'd that obſtruct the Mortal's way to Bliſs?
Theſe and dull Nuptials, all you Wiſe Men ſaw,
Were nothing but to Complement the Law:
So that the Book and Ring, appear to me
Such a miſtake in your Divinity,
That you muſt grant the Ceremony ſent
To ſuch poor Mortals for a Puniſhment,
As cou'd not with their Freedom be content.

THE

The COQUET.

I.

Melinda, who had never been
Esteem'd a Beauty at Fifteen,
Always Amorous was and Kind,
To every Swain she lent an Ear,
Free as Air, but false as Wind;
Yet none could say she was Severe,
She Eas'd more than she made Complain,
Was always Singing, Pert and Vain.

2.

Where e'er the Throng was, she was seen,
And swept the Youths along the Green;
With equal Grace she Flatter'd all,
And fondly proud of all Addresses,
Her Smiles invite, her Eyes wou'd call;
And her soft Heart her Looks Confesses:
She Rallyd this, to that she Bow'd,
Was Talking ever, Laughing loud.

3.

On every side she makes advance,
And every where a Confidence;
She tells for Secrets, all she knows,
And to know all she does pretend:

Beauty

Beauty in Maids she treats as Foes,
But every handsom Youth as Friend.
Scandal still passes off for Truth,
And Noise and Nonsense, Wit and Youth.

4.

Coquet all o'er, and every Part,
Yet wanting Beauty, even of Art,
Herds with the Ugly and the old;
And plays the Critick with the rest;
Of Men the Bashful or the Bold,
Either and all, by turns likes best:
Ev'n now tho' Youth be languish'd, she
Sets up for Love and Gallantry.

To Her Majesty's Mighty Mistress, The Dorset *Countess, all in Distress.*

By Sir *Fleetwood S:*

YOur lean Petitioner sheweth Humbly,
That the pleasant Lady *Lumbley*,
Looks like Plenty, Plump and Comley:

That the Spouſe o'th' Noble Marqueſs,
Sleek as Mill-Mouſe, keeps her Carkaſs,
And is more Fat than Buck in Park is:

While ſhe, poor ſhe, with Heart that's Aching,
Hears the People oft Miſtaking,
Her for them, and they for Bacon:

But there's a Nut from Indian Air,
Keeps all that feeds on't Freſh and Fair,
Each Squirrel's bigger than a Bear.

Cou'd ſhe a Pound or two but Purloyn,
Her Spare-rib ſoon wou'd look like Sur-loyn.
Thus your Petitioner endeth her Line,

And ſhall certainly endeavour,
While Maids wear Hoods, and Men wear Beaver,
To Pray for ever, and for ever, &c.

SATYR
TO HIS
MUSE.
BY
The Author of *Abſolom* and *Achitophel.*

Quo liceat Libris, non licet ire mihi,
Jupiter huc illuc ingenioſus eo.

Written by a Perſon of Honour.

HEar me dull Proſtitute, worſe than my Wife,
Like her, thou Shame and Clogg of humane Life.
Whoſe firſt Eſſay was in a Tyrant's Praiſe,
Baudy in Prologues, Blaſphemous in Plays:
So Lewd, thou mad'ſt me for the Church unfit,
And I had Starv'd, but for a lucky Hit,
When the weak Miniſters implor'd my Wit.

Stol'ſt me from Buſineſs, where I might have made
A ſolid Fortune to thy barren Trade:
My Father Wiſely bad me be a Clerk,
Thou whiſper'ſt Boy, be thou a tearing Spark.
I from that fatal Hour, new hopes purſu'd,
Set up for Wit, and aukwardly was Lewd;
Drunk 'gainſt my Stomach, 'gainſt my Conſcience Swore;
Againſt my Will, I Marry'd a rank Whore.
After two Children, and a third Miſcarriage,
By Brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage:
Aſſerted Rapes and Luſts I'd never known,
As if that all *Gomorrah* were my own:
Nor Love, nor Wine, cou'd ever ſee me Gay:
To writing bred, I know not what to ſay.
With Scolding Wife and Starving Chits beſet,
When I want Money, and no Friend will Treat,
Cheer'd with one Cup of thy *Caſtalian* Spring,
I can Abuſe the Church, my Friend, my King.
Tell him he's Jilted, Fool'd, led by the Noſe;
Then like *Almanſor*, turn upon his Foes:
Libel his Miſtreſſes and States-men too,
Then o'er his Whoring Life, old *David* throw,

By

By whom *Uriah* was ſo baſely Slain ;
But our good Monarch ſpares his *Caſtlemain*,
And *Oats* his Plots and Treaſons Swears in vain.
Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Cloaths,
And then deny it with a thouſand Oaths.
Adryell to pleaſe, call *Rocheſter* a Fool,
Sidley a Capuchin, ſharp *Dorſet*, Dull :
I like *Borosky*, by the proud Count Hir'd,
On *Scroop* my Blunderbuſs of Satyr Fir'd,
In cold Blood, call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too,
What more to *Hall* or *Cranbourn* could I do,
Who long Enjoy'd e'er I began to Woe?
Thou'lt ſay perhaps, what is all this to thee,
If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be?
O! but thou ſhould'ſt thy Sacred Aid refuſe,
When I invok'd it to ſo baſe a uſe:
Blunt of my murdering Lines the killing point,
And honeſtly refuſe the odious Hint.
But thou ne'er com'ſt ſo gladly to my call,
As when on Merit unprovok'd I fall.
Is there a Patriot to be Defam'd,
Lady Abus'd, or Vertuous Action blam'd,
Thou with officious haſte rank'ſt every word,
And giv'ſt thy raging Mad-man a ſharp Sword ;

Devils to Witches, are not more at hand,
Than thou when I an helliſh Task Command.
To thee ungrateful, what has *Monmouth* done,
That Parſon like, thou call'ſt him *Abſolon*?
From that meer Name, doſt fooliſhly inſer,
He from old *David's* Head the Crown would tear.
Were he Ambitious, he had kept his Place,
Stood high in *David's*, as the People's Grace,
And Warlike Chief of the Pretorian Bands,
To the whole Nation's Hearts had join'd their Hands
Of publick good, diſſembled his deep care,
With the falſe *Jebuſite* a while kept fair:
Then in ſome great deciſive glorious day,
Made thoſe vile Cormorants diſgorge their Prey,
Our Church, Religion, Freedom, and our Laws,
Thoſe darling Morſels of their longing Jaws.
VViſe *Stanly* thus till *Boſworth's* fatal day,
Did ſeeming Faith to cruel *Richard* pay,
But left the Tyrant in the heat of Fight,
And brought Succeſs to *Henry's* drooping Right.
Monmouth's brave Mind could no Diſguiſe endure,
Still Noble ways preferring, to ſecure;
Whilſt *David* laviſhes his People's Love,
He buys the Purchaſe, with deſign to improve,

And

And like ſome prudent Kinſman, Re-convey
VVhat the wild Heir has vainly Thrown away,
Leſt the great ancient Family Decay.
Good honeſt *David*, why would'ſt thou have made
Of ſuch a Son and Parliament afraid?
VVhich whilſt he ſways, what Faction dare diſpute
Or who can ſay he is not Abſolute?
Through them he may command the People's Purſe,
And ſpend their Wealth and Blood without a Curſe.
By Laws they would a Popiſh Heir Exclude,
Not by rude Force, or a tumultuous Crowd.
Againſt *Navarr* the Factious Princes Leagu'd,
And the right Heir the Papal World Intrigu'd:
When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
The State Religion he was forc'd to own.
The harmleſs People took it in good part,
The Zealous Church yet Stabb'd him to the Heart.
Taught by all Story, there was no defence,
But they muſt change their Faith, or change their Prince.
Who would not here the like Extreams prevent,
And ſettle things by aid of Parliament?
Thou only Court, preſiding at the Helm,
VVhich mak'ſt all others uſeful to the Realm.

Inferiour Judges trembling to Decree
What may hereafter be Condemn'd by thee:
The Chancellors and ill Statesmen only Dread,
For it is thou alone can'st reach their Head.
By thee fell *Woolsely* and false *Clarendon*,
Abandon'd by their Kings, but here undone;
Both overwhelm'd for daring to improve,
And stem the Torrent of their Master's Love:
The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd
The other made lov'd *Steward Richmond*'s Bride,
And with our Royal Blood for ever mingled *Hyde*,
To their own Ruin, can all Men Agree,
And none the Precipice but Courtiers see?
Courtiers who importune their Sovereign,
To Pardon Robbers, Cut-throats for their Gain:
Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,
And cannot Thrive but where the Nation pines:
Unhappy we, if rul'd by such whose Rent
Consists in breaches of the Government.

Some few there are of great Estates indeed,
Yet labouring with imaginary need
Strange sort of Fools, who for one Pention more,
Enslave themselves and all they had before.

Others

Others with Titles and new Earldom's caught,
Would give up all for which the Barons Fought.
They're equally unfit for Government,
Who nothing have, or nothing will content.

Who bad thee in *Achitophel's* vile Name,
Good *David's* Errors and his Fall Proclaim,
Or ſay Plots true or falſe, were needful things
To ſet up Common-wealths and pull down Kings?
That (*David* whom thou doſt with Reverence name)
Charm'd into eaſe, grows careleſs of his Fame.
And brib'd with petty Summs of foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Berſheba's* Embraces old.
That like the Prince of Angels, from the height,
He now comes downward with diminiſh'd Light.
If *David* once ill Language lay to heart,
Who ſhall the Poet from the Traytor part?
The Peoples Voice, of old the Voice of God,
Thou call'dſt the Voice of an unruly Crowd:
Crowds are the Fools——————
That flock to thine, and *Durfey's* Loyal Plays,
And give implicit Claps on your Third days;

About

About the Stage of Mountebanks they wait,
And whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
But have like thee, no Intereſt in the State.
Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*
And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* bow;
But with Old *England* what haſt thou to do?

Who from our Kings our uſeful Power wou'd take,
(Nor have they power, but for the People's ſake,
Diſarm themſelves, and Anarchy beſpeak:
Kings may do good at their full ſtretch of will,
And need not for a Strein or Law ſtand ſtill,
They ſpare with Mercy, tho with Judgment kill,
Confin'd like God, only from doing Ill.
Thus in our Papal Fire to ſave the Town,
Some Houſes were Blow'd up, and ſome pull'd down.
None blam'd the Order, ſince 'twas underſtood
A private Miſchief for the publick Good.
Tho we all Periſh, yet we muſt forbear
The Sacred Title of a Popiſh Heir,
If we thy fooliſh Politicks will hear.

A Sovereign Power ſome where there muſt be,
In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
Deriv'd from God, and only leſs than his,
Which can do all, yet nothing do amiſs;
The Sacred ties of Marriage can diſſolve,
And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,
Making thoſe Baſtards, who had elſe been Heirs,
And injur'd Husbands legal Widowers;
Cut off Entails, make new, repeal old Laws,
And of Contending Kings, decide the Cauſe.
Theſe from the Helm, our Learned *Richard* thruſt,
Confeſs'd their Power, and own'd their Sentence Juſt.
And on the Throne, our brave Fourth *Edward* ſate,
Whilſt *Henry* liv'd a Priſoner of the State.
Alphonſo thus Depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoys his Kingdom and his Wife.
There *Jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
Damns not his Race by day, nor Love by night:
In his Defence, each Private Man may Kill;
Muſt then a Nation Periſh, and ſtand ſtill?
If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not Fight,
When can a Chriſtian's Sword be in the Right?

Oh

Oh the prodigious Wit! The wondrous Sting,
To call *Achitophel's* Son unfeathered two leg'd thing;
So by old *Plato* Man was once defin'd
Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.
Thy Angel with Call *Jonas* ſelf might vye,
In all but Courage, Wit and Honeſty.
As loud he roar'd 'gainſt the Prerogative,
As ſtoutly blam'd, as ſtingily would give,
Till his own wants oblig'd him to receive,
And on his Cheated Sire he could no longer live.
Whoſe whole Eſtate, when he in Feaſt was got,
Thy honeſt *Amyel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.

Thy *Huſhai* next a true Friend, e're a Man,
(So ſoon his Dearneſs with his Prince began;)
Was but Fourteen when *David* was abroad,
Leſs fit for a King's Friendſhip than a Rod;
Which he deſerv'd, when he with Tears reply'd,
And in full Houſe the Loyal Baby cry'd.
How could one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
And add Experience to his Native Truth!

Abroad

Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
As every Fool, Whore, Bully has done ſince:
To other Merit he has no pretence.

Barzillas's Praiſe I could rehearſe again,
And make the ſecond labour of my Pen.
Wiſe, Valiant, Royal, Rich, of High Deſcent,
Born all, that *Fortune* for her Darlings meant.
Who Nobly ſcorn'd a private Happineſs,
When he beheld his Sovereign's Diſtreſs,
To Arms he flew, but with bold *Cato*'s Fate,
Expos'd the Cauſe that *Fortune* ſeem'd to hate;
Striving to ſave the Head that wore the Crown,
He pull'd the mighty Ruine on his own.

VVhy wouldſt thou call thy *Adriel* a Muſe,
And *David* of his haſty Riſe accuſe?
When we all know the ſame obliging Hand
Gave him his *George*, and *Churchill* his Command.
Jermin him Country-Seat, and *Bromage* his Point Band.
Or *Jotham* flatter that vain Fickle thing,
Famous for Jeſts upon the Church and King?

One

One while *Pythagoras* his harmleſs Food,
For Thought and Politicks, muſt cool his Blood;
And then again with Whores and luſty Wines,
Revels all Night, and think him mad that Dines.
Quibbles, Joques, Puns, and Trifling Wit he has,
And like the *Swede*, is very rich in Braſs.
Againſt the Court and *David*'s ſelf he roar'd,
How ill he Govern'd, how much worſe he Whor'd;
Wou'd ſware a Parrot had more Wit than *Nelly*,
With her Parcht Face wrinkled like *Potſmouth*'s Belly.
Yet now to both, like Popiſh Saints he Prays,
Which ſhews he will not burn in *James*'s Days.
In his plain Band, and honeſty in ſhow,
He only aim'd at *Danby*'s overthrow.
Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his ends,
And farewel all his plain well-meaning Friends.
There was no Plot, no Popiſh Duke to fear;
With *Danby* all our Dangers diſappear.
Danby thus ſetting to prevent dark Night,
This Changing Moon ſhews forth his paler Light:
Miſguides our Councils with his Glimering Ray,
And all our Men of Buſineſs loſe their way.
One Parliament's Diſolve, New Nembers meet,
An *Oxford* Journey muſt allay their heat.

But the true Engliſh Intereſt appear'd,
The Silver-Smiths for their *Diana* fear'd;
Popery would paſs on us in no Diſguiſe,
No Flowers could hide that Serpent from our Eyes;
We're in ſuch haſte, broke up that in the ſtreet,
New-Choſen, and Diſolving Members meet.
An odious Libel in good *David's* Name,
Muſt the Proceedings of the Houſe Defame.
Sheriffs and Juries Packt, Juſtices made,
Knights of th' Addreſs, and all falſe Colours laid
To Cheat their Party with a vain Conceit
The People Parliaments both Fear and Hate.
What *Sampſon* in a Dungeon, Captive, Blind,
In ſpight of all Rage, for Cruel Foes Deſign'd,
A Houſe of Commons muſt be thought to do,
Againſt themſelves, and thoſe that Truſt 'em too.

The Head ſhall ſooner fear its own Right Hand:
Parents their ſmiling Infants Death Command.
The Chearful Birds ſit ſilent in the Spring,
Then Lords and Commons hurt the Realm or King.
They may thy Heroes, thy ſmall faithful Band,
Pernicious Counſellors who dare ſingly ſtand,
'Gainſt the Collective Wiſdom of the Land.

David

David in Exile had more Friends than thou,
Will to his beſt and happieſt Days allow.
Why ſounds thy Trumpet in the midſt of Peace?
Art thou afraid our Differences ſhould ceaſe,
That thus thou talk'ſt of Rebels, Treaſons more
Than any Iriſh Witneſs ever ſwore?
Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive their Trade,
Care not what Ruine, or what Slaughter's made.

But hear me Propheſie, and mark me well,
E're thrice the Roſe renews her fragrant ſmell,
People and King ſhall joyn like Man and Wife,
And both abhor the Engins of their Striſe.
No more ſhall either uſe an Hackney Pen,
And thou Caſhier'd, ſhalt to the Stage agen,
Pleaſe none but ſilly Women, or worſe Men.
David ſhall find Duty an empty Word;
For different Faiths can never have one Sword.
The Knot of Friendſhip is but looſly Ty'd,
Twixt thoſe whom Heavenly Concerns Divide.
He then ſhall with his Parliament agree,
And Lives and Fortunes ſhall their Language be.
Monmouth be Bleſt for all that he has done,
While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.

PRO-

PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE God of Day descending from Above,
Mix'd with the Sea, and Got the Queen of Love.
Beauty, which fires the World, was fit shou'd rise
From him alone, that lights the Stars and Skies.
In *Cyprus*, long by Gods and Men Obey'd,
The Lovers Toyl she gratefully repaid;
Promiscuous Blessings to her Slaves assign'd,
And taught the World, that Beauty shou'd be kind.
By her bright Father's great Example led,
Warm without Scorching, were the Beams she shed.

Hellen was next From *Greece* to *Illium* brought,
With much Expence and Blood of Empire ſought:
Beauty and Love the nobleſt Cauſe afford,
That can try Valour, or employ the Sword.
Not Men alone incited by their Charms, (Arms.
But Heavn's concern'd, the Gods themſelves take
The glorious *Trojan*, happily poſſeſt,
Enjoys; and let diſpairing Fools conteſt.
Secure ſaid he, of that for which they Fight,
Theirs be the Toil, and mine be the Delight.
Great be their Fame in Arms, but mine is more,
Preferr'd by her, whom they in vain Adore.
Your cold Reflections Moraliſts forbear,
His Title's beſt, who beſt can pleaſe the Fair:
Ten Years a glorious ſpace, he kept his hold,
Nor loſt, till Love and Beauty were grown old.
And now the Gods in pity to the Cares,
The fierce Deſires, the Quarrels and Deſpairs
Of tortur'd Men, while Beauty was confind,
Reſolve t' increaſe and propagate their Kind.

Greece was the Land where this bright Birth begun,
And gave a thouſand Rivals to the *Sun*:

Hence

Hence follow'd Arts, and Studying with Care
Some new Invention, to delight the Fair:
Thoſe Rocks and Oaks which ſuch Emotions felt,
Were cruel Maids, which *Orpheus* taught to melt.
Muſick and Songs, and all the ways to move
A raviſh'd Heart, we owe Ingenious *Love*.
The Gods themſelves pleas'd with ſo bright a Birth,
Deſcend from Heav'n, and ſeek new Joys on Earth:
To ſeveral Shapes the mad Immortals turn,
Quenching one Fever, ſtill by new they Burn.
Thy Wit O *Mercury's* no defence from Love;
Nor *Mars* thy Armour, nor thy Thunder *Jove*.

From *Greece* to *Africk*, Beauty takes its flight;
And ripens by its near approach to Night.
Frown not ye Fair, to hear of Swarthy Dames;
With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims.
Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd,
Is of all Colours, and by none Defin'd.
Jewels that ſhine, in Gold or Silver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in Jett.
First *Cleopatra* in the Liſts is found,
Not more for Beauty than for Love renown'd:
The firſt who taught recruited Slaves to know
That the rich Pearl was of more uſe than Show:

Who with high Meats and a Luxurious Draught,
Kept Love for ever flowing and full fraught.
Julius and *Anthony*, thoſe Lords of all,
Low at her Feet they lay the Conquer'd Ball.
Thoſe dreadful Eagles, which had fac'd the Sun,
From Pole to Pole, at length fall dazl'd down.
Nor was her Death leſs Glorious than her Life,
A conſtant Miſtreſs, and a faithful Wife,
With whom ſhe liv'd with ſo much Pomp and Pride,
Braving the *Romans* and their Power, ſhe dy'd.
O *Anthony*, content thy mighty Mind,
Grudge not the World, for ſtill thy Queen is kind.
Pleas'd in this happy Climate warm and bright,
Love for ſome Ages Revels with Delight.

The Warlike *Moors* in Gallantry refin'd,
Invent new Arts to make the Fair look kind.
The firſt who ſhew'd the Fiery Barb to Prance,
Or in a Lady's Honour break the Lance.
So in the Liſts, which ſhining Stands ſurround,
In glitt'ring Ranks they wait the Trumpets Sound:
Some Love Device is wrought on every Sword,
And every Ribbond bears ſome Myſtick word.

The

The Golden Lance now brandiſh'd in the Sky,
They part with ſpeed, ſo ſwift they ſeem to fly.
Still as one falls, another ruſhes in,
And all muſt be O'ercome, or none can Win.
The bright Beholders give the Warriers Force,
And the loud Trumpet ſounds to every Courſe.
So when we ſee the nimble Clouds engage,
The Lightning firſt proclaims the coming Rage;
Scarce breaks one Cloud, but new ones do appear
To meet as Fierce as Thunder in the Air.
The Victor from the ſhining Dame, whoſe Eyes
Aided his Conqu'ring Arms, receives the Prize.
Beauty and ſmiling Love thus liv'd in State,
Till the proud *Spaniard* gave their Glories date.
But tho theſe matchleſs Gallantry's are paſt,
Yet their Deſcription ſhall for ever laſt.
In *Dryden*'s Verſe, th' *Abencerages* ſhine,
And *Almahide* for ever be Divine.

Love driven thence, to colder *Brittain* flyes,
And with bright Eyes the diſtant Sun ſupplies:
Romances, that relate the dreadful Fights,
The Loves and Proweſs of advent'rous Knights,

To animate their Rage, a kiſs Record
From *Brittain*'s faireſt Nymph was the Reward:
So ancient to Loves Empire is the Claim
Of Engliſh Beauties, and ſo wide the Fame.
Which like our Flag on the wide Sea gives Law,
By Right avow'd, and keeps the World in Awe.
Our Gallant King's ſo much renown'd in War,
So fierce to Foes, do Homage to the Fair.
A Monarch's Right o're Beauty they may claim,
Lords of the Ocean from whence Beauty came.

Thy *Roſomond* Great *Henry* on the Stage,
By a late Muſe preſented to our Age,
With aking Hearts, and flowing Eyes we view,
Whil'ſt that reſembled Death recalls the true.
So like in *Bracegirdle* the Perſons be,
That all ſeems real, the Spectators ſee.
Of *Scots* and *Gauls* Defeated and their Kings,
Thy Captives, *Edward*, Fame for ever ſings:
Like [illegible] high Deeds, thy Noble Loves are prais'd,
[illegible] to Love, the laſting'ſt Trophies laid:
The *Garter* added to the *George*, we find
Venus and *Mars* once more together joyn'd.

Thy

Thy Statues *Venus*, tho' *Apelles* Hand
Carv'd the tough Marble, can't for ever ſtand:
The Magick of thy ſhining Zone is paſt,
But *Salisbury*'s Garter, ſhall for ever laſt:
Which through the World by living Monarchs worn,
Adds Grace to Scepters, and does Crowns adorn.
If ſuch their Fame, who gives theſe Rights Divine,
To Sacred Love, Oh! What Diſhonours ſhine.
Forgetful Queen, who ſevered'ſt that bright Head,
Which Charm'd two Mighty Monarchs to its Bed!
Hadſt thou been born a Man, thou hadſt not fail'd,
Thy Fame had liv'd, and Beauty had prevail'd:
But Ah! What mighty Magick can aſſwage
A Womans Envy, and a Bigot's Rage? *Q. Eliz.*
Love tir'd at length, Love who delights to ſmile,
Flying from Scenes of Horrour, quits our Iſle.
With *Charles* the *Cupids*, and the Graces gone,
In Exile live, for Love and He were one:
With *Charles* he wanders, and with *Charles* returns,
And now again with fiercer Fire he burns.
As eager Flames with Oppoſition pent,
Break out impetuous, when they find a vent.
As a fierce Torrent hinder'd in its Courſe,
Making its way, roars down with greater Force,

From the loud Palace, to the ſilent Grove,
All by the King's Example, Live and Love:
The Muſes with Diviner Voices Sing,
And all rejoyce to pleaſe the God-like King.
Then *Waller* in Immortal Verſe proclaims
The Glitt'ring Court, and all the ſhining Dames:
Cleaveland is there in higheſt Luſtre ſeen,
Portſmouth, and never Fading *Mazarin*.
This bright Triumvirate in Glory ſhine,
Such is the Theme, ſuch is the Song Divine.

Thy Beauty *Carliſle* like *Achilles* Sword,
Reſiſtleſs ſtands upon as ſure Record:
Thy Matchleſs Graces, and his Matchleſs Fame,
Both Sung alike, ſhall have their Fate the ſame.
And now my *Muſe* a higher pitch prepare,
Behold, from *Italy* a Radiant Star,
With Beams Immortal ſtrikes the wond'ring ſight,
And there it fixes its Imperial Light.
Be bold, be bold, my *Muſe*, nor fear to raiſe
Thy Voice to her, who was thy earlieſt Praiſe.
VVhat tho' the Tempeſt threaten, tho' the Skies
Grow dark and ſullen, and black Miſts ariſe,

Keep

Keep thy bright Theme within thy ſteddy ſight,
The Clouds ſhall fly before the dazling Light,
And everlaſting Day direct thy Flight.
Thou who haſt never put on a diſguiſe
To flatter Folly, or deſcend to Vice.
Let not vain Fears thy gen'rous Ardour tame,
But ſtand upright, and ſound as loud as *Fame*.
As when the Eye ſome Proſpect wou'd purſue,
Deſcending froma Hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o're Lawns and Meadows till it gains
Some Spot above the reſt, and there remains;
With the ſame Rapture my delighted Muſe,
Flies other Objects, this high Theme to chuſe.
Oh! happy *James*, content thy Mighty Mind,
Grudge not the World, for ſtill thy Queen is kind.
Was *Helen* half ſo Fair, ſo form'd for Joy,
Well choſe the *Trojan*, and well burnt was *Troy*.
To lye but at whoſe Feet, more Glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on Scepters, and on Kings:
So Fair! ſo Chaſte! ſo Great! 'twas juſt that ſhe
Who was Loves Queen, ſhou'd Queen of *Brittain* be.
But Ah! how vain, and how uncertain is,
How ſhort the Courſe of Human Happineſs.

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, ceaſe my *Muſe*, thy Colours are too faint,
Hide with a Veil thoſe Griefs which none can Paint;
The Sun's retir'd, but ſee in bright Array,
What Hoſts of Heavenly Light recruit the Day.
Love in a ſhining *Galaxy* appears
Triumphant ſtill, and *Grafton* leads the Stars.
Ten thouſand Loves, ten thouſand ſeveral ways
Invade the lookers on, and die to Gaze:
Knowing our Dooms, as to the *Syrens* Voice,
So ſweet's the Enchantment, that our Fate's our Choice:
Who moſt reſembles her, muſt next be nam'd,
Villars for Wiſdom, as for Beauty fam'd:
Sweetneſs and Majeſty together joyn'd,
A ready Wit, and an unerring Mind:
Of a high Race, which Conqu'ring Beauty brings
To Charm the World, and Subjects made of Kings.
Richmond's a Title that but nam'd, implies
Majeſtick Graces, and Victorious Eyes.
As much O happy *Brudenal* art thou known,
By thy bright Daughters Beauties as thy own.
Nor Charming *Sandwich* will I thee omit,
Whoſe Sparkling Eyes, are piercing as thy Wit,
Nor Radiant *Ormond*, only fit to be
The Succeſſor of Beauteous *Oſſory*.

Luſon

Luſon and *Wyndham* full of Charms appear,
Hide Venus is, the Graces are *Kildare*.
St. *Alban* does an ample Theme afford,
How bright, tho' trembling for her abſent Lord:
By *Eſſex* and Fair *Ruttenburg* we find
That Beauty to no Climate is confin'd.
Rupert of Royal Blood with modeſt Grace,
Bluſhes to hear the Triumphs of her Face:
With Carms ſo numerous, *Mira* does ſurprize,
The Lover knows not by which Dart he dies;
So thick the Volly, and the Shaft ſo ſure,
No Flight can ſave us, nor no Art can cure.
Fain wou'd my *Muſe* of Beauteous *Stawel* Write,
But wanting Wings, declines ſo high a flight.

O *Kneller*! Like thy Pictures were my Song,
Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil ſtrong,
Theſe Matchleſs Beauties, ſhou'd remember'd be,
In Verſe Immortal as thy *Gallery*.

The DESCRIPTION.

IN *Neptune's* Plains the Merchant vainly ſeeks,
The richeſt Coral is in *Sylvia's* Cheeks.
Her Balmy Lips, like pompous Scarlet ſhows,
Or Wealthy Mines where bluſhing Rubys grows;
For whoſe Defence there is by Nature made
Of Orient Pearl a double Paliſade.
When *Phœbus* with his Morning Beams diſcloſes
The Fragrant Lillies, Jeſemines and Roſes,
'Tis nothing to her Breath, for that exceeds
The choiſeſt Spices bleſt *Arabia* breeds.
Two Sparkling Diamonds do for Eye-Balls rowl,
That wound the Heart, and Captivate the Soul.
The very *Indians* wou'd their God deſpiſe,
Had they once ſeen the Luſtre of her Eyes.
Her Graceful Neck like Alablaſter white,
Creates at once both wonder and delight.
Cupid neglects his Bow, and finely reſts
Within the Charming Valley of her Breaſts.
Where ſwelling Veins with pureſt Azure flow,
And look like Violets ſcatter'd in the Snow.

Her

Her ſlender Waſte is ſtrait as *Hermes* Rod
Or *Cupid's* Shafts, and Charms like either God.
The ſmalleſt touch of her fair Hand wou'd move
The Aged, and the *Anchorite* to Love.
Deſcend no lower *Muſe*, but humbly own,
That Nature here, her Maſter-piece has ſhown.
And made a happy effort to compriſe
In her alone, Earth, Sea, and Paradice.

The HERMITE.

Within this Humble Loneſom Cell,
Free from Care and Noiſe I dwell.
No Pomp, no Pride, no curſed Striſe
Diſturbs the quit of my Life.
A Truſs or two of Straw's my Bed,
My Arms are Pillows for my Head.
My Hunger makes my Bread go down,
Although it be both ſtale and brown:
A purling Brook, that runs hard by,
Affords me drink when I am dry.

In

In ſhort, a Garden and a Spring
Does all Liſes Neceſſaries bring.
What is't the Fooliſh World calls Poor?
I have enough; there needs no more,
Thoſe Houſes, which ſo ſplendid ſhine,
Perchance no dryer are than mine.
The precious Jewels of the Great,
May add a Luſtre, but not Heat.
No Anxious Thoughts corrode my Breaſt;
No Paſſions interrupt my Reſt:
No chilling Fear, no hot Deſire,
Freezes or ſets my Blood on Fire.
No Tempeſts are engendred here,
All does Serene, and Calm appear:
And 'tis my Comfort when alone,
Seeing no ill, I think of none.
Our vain Imagination's hurl'd
By the Examples of the World;
Virtue we hate, becauſe deſpis'd,
And ſwallow Poyſons when diſguis'd.
To ſhun the ſtrong Temptations, I
Have choſe to live in Privacy.
And, as it were beneath the Stage,
See all the Follies of the Age;

W

And growing Prudent at their Coſt,
Preſerve that Innocence they loſt;
Spending each moment of my Breath
In preparation for my Death.
I patiently expect my Doom,
When Fate ſhall order it to come.
I ſee the winged Lightning fly
Through the tempeſtuous angry Sky:
And unconcern'd its Thunders hear.
Who knows no Guilt, can feel no Fear.
Beneath a *Poplar*'s grateful Shade,
A homely Bench of Turf I've made,
Whence I with Admiration ſee
Nature in its Variety.
Thoſe Daſies mingl'd with the Graſs,
Do all the Gard'ners Art ſurpaſs;
As round the Elm, the luſcrious Vine,
So here the Hony-ſuckles twine.
How glorious do the Poppies ſhow,
That in the Wheat and Barly grow?
What can there pleaſanter be ſeen,
Than yonder Wood ſo thick and green?
By whoſe vaſt ſpreading Boughs is made
Maugre the Sun, perpetual Shade?

Their

Their mighty height alone does ſhow,
That they in *Adam*'s time did grow:
For they're ſo freſh to Admiration,
You'd think 'em now in their Creation.
The purling Streams that glide along,
Eccho back the Birds ſweet Song;
The mounting Sky-Larks rend their Throats
With Various and Melodious Notes:
There do's ſad *Philomel* diſcover
The Inceſt of her cruel Lover.
No Monarch's Minſtrells can compare
With theſe Muſicians of the Air;
And tho the Owls abroad do Peep,
'Tis not yet time that I ſhould Sleep:
For when the Sun withdraws his Light,
I view the Glory's of the Night;
The glitt'ring Spangles of the Sky,
That are ſo bright, and yet ſo high.
Nature ſure ſhuts up the day,
More of her Wonders to diſplay.
The Moon though in a lower Sphere,
Obſerves her regular Career,
Supplies her Brother *Phœbus* place,
And is as punctual in her Race:

Her

Her Function I more highly prize,
He ſhews us Earth, but ſhe the Skies.
Whilſt I theſe various Beauties number,
My watry Eyes begin to Slumber;
Then to my un-made Bed I creep,
And fill'd with Joy and Wonder, Sleep.
Thus our Firſt Parent in his Prime,
Paſs'd away his happy time,
Surveying Nature's glorious Treaſure,
Was leſs his Duty than his Pleaſure.
The Lyon and the Tyger then,
Were not ſo Brutal as our Men:
The Deſarts were leſs dangerous far,
Than now our Towns and Cities are.
And as I by Experience find
Vice ſo familiar to Man-kind,
So I in Prudence think it fit,
To fly from them, to fly from it;
And in this Melancholy Seat,
Secure my ſelf by a Retreat;
Where I all harmleſs Methods try,
To live in Vertue, and in Peace to die.
For that Contentment which our Vertue gave,
Alone can make us eaſie in the Grave.

And the great Character of Good and Juſt,
Survives, when Marble moulders in the Duſt.

A PARADOX.

ENCOMIUM of *A——*, &c.

THou mighty Princeſs, lovely Queen of Hoſes,
Whoſe Monarchy the braveſt Men Controuls,
Shut up in awful and Majeſtick State;
How doſt thou Make thy poor Adorer wait!
Reſerv'd as *Preſter John*, and ſeldom ſeen,
As the moſt ſlily kept a Sultan Queen,
Thou Crown of Senſe, nay, more Superlative,
Thou very Quinteſſence of all the Five;
No Civit Cat had ever ſuch a ſmell,
Thy Eſſence does all other Sweets Excell,
How is our Reliſh by thy Taſte increaſt,
When this one bit is more than a whole Feaſt!
Beauty of Beauties, Darling of the Eye,
The Face is but a Mark to hit thee by;
Thou art the Spot of *Cupid*'s Archery.

Whether

Whether your Ornamental Locks you wear,
Or go like *Eaſtern* Beauties, ſmooth and bare?
Whether full grown the Manly Beard appears,
Or Virgin Lips, ſhe fewer Hairs than Years:
Yet all true Beauty ſhines as on a Throne,
In her full Splendor, from the Sight alone,
To pleaſe thy Friends, and to confute thy Foes,
Thou haſt a Mouth beyond Fam'd *Cicero's*:
A Mouth whoſe ſilent Rhetorick affords
More ſtrong Perſwaſives than all *Tully's* words!
'Twas ſuch a Mouth did *Paris* more Convince,
Than *Juno's* Power, or *Pallas's* Eloquence:
'Twas ſuch a Mouth *Achilles* did perſwade,
And *Hercules* to Spin in Maſquerade,
Which all the force of Arms cou'd ne'er have made.
'Twas ſuch a Mouth, taught *Anthony* to Scorn
The Glorious Name to which that Prince was Born.
To ſuch Perſwaſions, mighty *Julius* gave
That Crown th' *Egyptian* Army wou'd not ſave,
And of a Conqueror, became a Slave.
Still there remains one Senſe, which we may call
One, that is all the reſt, one more than all,
Which with one nice unutterable touch,
Diſſolves my Muſe, and proves a Theam too much

To me, who am unknown to her I Write,
And had but once the Honour of her ſight.
None can the Charming Wonders duly tell,
But he who comes Inſpir'd from her own *Well*,
Whoſe Virtue do's all *Helicon*'s Excell.

A RIDDLE.

NO longer blame thoſe on the Banks of *Nile*,
If they Adore the Ravenous *Crocodile*;
Nor think the *Indians* Mad, who Worſhip Apes,
Serpents and Idols, in ſuch monſtrous Shapes;
Since all Man-kind to me does Homage pay,
More Rav'nous, Fatal and Deform'd than they:
To me their pureſt Blood they Sacrifice,
Yet all they do, can ne'er my Rage ſuffice:
Infants each day within my Vaults Expire,
And Men oft Periſh by my Altar's Fire:
All rough I am and hideous to the Sight,
Yet man in me has plac'd his chief Delight:
Enough of me he thinks he ne'er can ſeize,
And yet the leſs I am, the more I Pleaſe.

Calling

Calling my ſelf Deform'd, ſure I miſtake,
Since I the chiefeſt part of Beauty make;
But I compos'd of Contradictions am,
Th' Original of Impudence and Shame;
'Tis I that kindle, and then quench the Flame.
I feel the greateſt Pleaſure, greateſt Pain,
When cloſeſt cover'd, when expos'd for Gain;
Of the moſt Noble Plant the only Field,
But bear the leſs, the oftner I am Till'd:
The laſt of Nature's numerous Works I am,
Yet firſt in Power, and wonderful in Frame.
For tho I ſeem ſo gentle, weak and ſmall,
The ſtrongeſt yield, ſtouteſt 'fore me fall;
Of me th' Extreams none reach, tho ne'er ſo Tall.
My only Friend, my greateſt Grief and Joy,
Oft Stabbs me, and I him as oft Deſtroy.
Between the Herculean Pillars I am ſet,
Where all Men have their *Neplus ultra* met,
My Name is hid, as I am, from your Eyes,
If you ne'er ſeek me out, I'll think you Wiſe.

Horace, Lib. I. ODE XXII. Paraphraſtically Imitated.

Integer Vitæ, ſceleriſq; purus, &c.

By *J. Hughs*, Gent.

I.

HEnce ſlaviſh Fear, thy *Stygian* Wings diſplay,
Thou ugly Fiend of Hell, away!
Wrapt in thick Clouds and Shades of Night,
To conſcious Souls direct thy Flight!
There brood on Guilt, fix there a loath'd Embrace,
And propagate vain Terrors, Frights,
Dreams, Goblins, and imagin'd Sprights,
Thy viſionary Tribe, thy black and monſtrous Race.
Go, haunt the Slave that ſtains his hands in Gore,
Poſſeſs the Perjur'd Mind, and wrack the Uſurer more
Than his Oppreſſion did the Poor before.

II.

Vainly you feeble Wretches! you prepare
The glittring Forgery of War;
The poyſon'd Dart, the *Parthian* Bow and Spear

Like

Like that the Warlike *Moor* is wont to weild,
Which poys'd and guided from his Ear,
He whirls impetuous through the Field:
In vain you brace the Helm, and heave in vain the Shield.
He's only safe, whose Armour of Defence,
Is Adamantine Innocence.

III.

If o'er the steepy *Alps* he go,
(Vast Mountains of Eternal Snow)
Or where fam'd *Ganges* and *Hydaspes* Flow. *Rivers of India.*
If o'er parch'd *Africk*'s Desart Land,
Where threatning from afar,
Th' affrighted Traveller
Encounters moving Hills of Sand;
No sense of Danger can disturb his Rest;
He fears no Human Force, nor Savage Beast,
Impenetrable Courage Steels his Manly Breast.

IV.

Thus late within the *Sabine* Grove,
Whilst free from Care and full of Love,
I raise my tuneful Voice, and stray
Regardless of my self, and way,

A grisly Woolf with glaring Eye,
View'd me Disarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer Monster ne'er in quest of Food,
Apulian Forests did molest:
Numidia never saw a more prodigious Beast:
Numidia, Mother of the Tawny Brood,
Where the sowre Lyon shakes his brinded Mane,
And roars aloud for Prey, and Scow'rs the spacious Plain.

V.

Place me where no soft Breeze of Summer Wind
Did e'er the stiffen'd Soil unbind;
Where no intruding warmth e'er durst Invade,
But Winter holds his unmolested Seat,
In all his Hoary Robes Array'd,
And rattling storms of Hail and noisy Tempests beat.
Place me beneath the scorching Blaze,
Of the fierce Sun's immediate Rays,
Where House nor Cottage e'er were seen,
Nor rooted Plant or Tree, nor springing Green;
Yet (lovely *Lalage*!) my generous Flame
Shall ne'er expire, I'll boldly sing of thee,
Charm'd with the Musick of thy Name,
And guarded by the Gods of Love and Poetry.

J. H. 1697.

To

To the KING.

SWeet as ſhort Slumbers to a troubled Mind,
Long preſs'd with Cares, and now to reſt inclin'd,
Has been the little Requiem of thy Reign
To wretched *Britain*'s poor Diſtemper'd Brain:
By Fits, and Starts, we wake; but, when the Fright
Is o'er, again we cloſe our weary'd Sight,
Hoping, that the Bleſs'd Hand that gave us eaſe,
Will hinder a return of the Diſeaſe.
Our Kings of late, as if the Father ſwore
The Son to Plague us to his utmoſt Pow'r,
Out-doing each his Predeceſſor's Hate,
Inſtead of Ruling, have deſtroy'd the State:
But when the laſt Uſurp'd the Royal Throne,
(Juſtly Excluded for Religion)
As much he did their Crimes ſurpaſs, and more,
Than they the worſt of theirs that went before.

No

No Arts, no Tricks, that Stateſmen cou'd deviſe,
Or Prieſts find out to try to Sacrifice
Our Lives, Religion, Laws, and Properties,
But what he ſet on Foot: Nay, more, he thought
Himſelf, how our Deſtruction might be wrought;
Borow'd ſome hours from Luxury and Eaſe,
To add unto the Nations Grievances.
So oppoſite to all that look'd like Good,
So prone to Vengeance, and Ally'd to Blood;
That all the little Comfort that ſurviv'd,
Was, that our Woes were to a height arriv'd.
The Hag of *Syracuſe*, who us'd to Pray,
When others Damn'd the Haughty Tyrant's Sway,
Leſt, when he dy'd, a greater Scourge than he,
Shou'd be advanc'd to the Supremacy;
Had ſhe been here, might have withdrawn her Curſe,
For Heav'n than *James*, cou'd not ordain a worſe.
But as when Vice is to the higheſt grown,
Virtue Succeeds, and reaſſumes her Throne;
So you, by your Succeſſion to the Sway
Of theſe Three Kingdoms, bring again that Day,
Which, ſince her Death, whoſe Fame
ſhall never Die, Queen Eliz.
Has been o'ercaſt with a dark low'ring Skie;

And

And, by one Act, releiv'd the Nation more
Than all their Malice cou'd depreſs before. *Hearth Money.*
So the bleſs'd *Egypt*'s River, when he ſpreads
His Liquid Boſom o'er his Neighb'ring Meads;
What ſeven years Sun ſtrove to dry up in vain,
He renders Fruitful by his Waves again.
Born of a Race, who in all Ages ſtood,
The only Champions of the Publick Good;
And Bred, where no ſuch thing as Wrong was known:
But each Man freely may enjoy his own:
What may not we expect, if under thy
Command, we once more *Engliſh* Valour try,
And our old Claims renew again? We may
Viſit thoſe Realms, where our Fore-fathers lay,
Many a long Night, and bore the Royal Sway.
But, e're we to a Foreign War advance
Our Arms, or think but of regaining *France*,
A nearer Nation claims thy Pious Aid,
To free her from the ſame impending Dread,
Which late o're *England* hung: But *England* grows
Unminful of her Suff'ring Neighbours Woes,
Now ſhe her ſelf is free; poor *Ireland*
Stands trembling underneath a Tyrant's Hand,

Waiting

Waiting each Moment for the fatal Word,
Till reſcu'd from it by her Lawful Lord.

Now, what return for all theſe kindneſſes,
For fighting of the Dangers of the Seas,
And leaving thy own Country; to reſtore
Freedom to thoſe whoſe Lives were given o're?
A Crown thou haſt; but that's a ſmall Reward,
If to the Merits of thy Deeds compar'd,
Or with our Dangers weigh'd. May ſhe, who ſhares
Not only in thy Pleaſures, but thy Cares,
And by dividing the Imperial weight,
Renders the Burden of a Crown more light,
By Heav'ns Divine Permiſſion, bear to thee
A numerous, and a happy Progeny,
Who may the Scepter of theſe Nations Sway,
Till they and Monarchy at once decay:
So Beggers, when ſome Charitable Man
Throws more, than even their Exigency can
Or does require, amaz'd at what they have,
Wiſh Heav'n, and all its Toyes, to him that gave.

SONG

SONG *To the* KING, *after the Taking of* Namur.

Written by Mr. Prior, *and Sung before His Majesty at the* Hague.

1.

HArmonious Strings, your Charms prepare,
To reach the Royal Conqueror's Ear
Such is our Joy, as did Inspire
David's and *Deborah's* sweet Lyre:
Be such our Numbers, while we Sing
The Praise of our Victorious King.

2.

You Damsels, to Grace our Triumph, appear;
No *Jephtha*, no Barbarous Victor is here:
With Songs, and with Dances, our Conqueror meet,
And strew your Garlands at his Feet:
Strike, too, your Timbrels, while we Sing
The Praise of our Victorious King.

See!

3.

See! Victory and Glory ſhed
Palms and Lawrels round his Head!
And, from on high, exalted Fame
To the Freed World Proclaims his Name!
Sound, *Fame!* while we, with Concert Sing
The Praiſe of our Victorious King.

4.

Oppreſſion's to his Chariot bound,
Ambition drags his Chains;
And Reſcu'd Nations, all around,
In Shouts cry, *William* Reigns!
Reign, *William*! While thy People Sing
The Praiſe of their Victorious King.

On PAGNELL-WATERS.

TUnbridge Adieu, thou Celebrated Name,
Swoln with the Empty Breath of Partial Fame:
Thy mighty Waters Virtues boaſt no more,
Now meaner Names, thy Rivals are in Power,
Pagnell out-does thee, *Pagnell* tho' it lie
Obſcur'd in Poor and Humble Privacy.
For *Pagnell*'s Virtue is its own compleat,
Not made by Noiſe and Reputation great;
Rich in themſelves its modeſt Waters glide,
And ſtrive in ſecret all their Power to hide:
But when, by Tryals force, they can't Conceal,
In a deep Bluſh they all at laſt Reveal.
The *Latent God* diſplays his Purple Face,
And deeply dyes the bold Explorers Glaſs,
And as in Colour, ſo in Weight and Taſte
They ſtand approv'd by moſt rigid Teſt.
You'd think each drop Impregnated ſo ſtrong,
Mars here in heavy Armour ſtalkt along,
And ſtruck his ruſty Lance into your Tongue.

And

And as in Virtue we do far excell,
Much more Convenience do's ſurround our Well:
Remote from Folly, Vice, and Noiſe we lie,
Free from Impertinence and Knavery.
Here's no falſe News to gall our quiet Ears,
No Male-Content nor *Jacobite* appears;
With ſly Reflections on our Governours.
Here no Lewd Peer, Proud of bought Title Stalks,
And Shoulders honeſt Fellows from the Walks.
Here's no Coxcomb, Bully, Beau, nor Rook,
Nor *Haws* here, Duns you with his Begging Book.
Here no ſtartcht Doctor ſhows his Formal Face,
Nor Bombaſt Nonſence vents with dull Grimace,
Nor Crazy Patient ſtates his rotten Caſe.
Nor Cogging Gameſters, nor Falſe Dice are hear,
No Cheating Lottery, nor loud Auctioneer,
With hoarſe inſipid Noiſe to wound our Ear.
We no Religions, nor State Quarrels make,
No Factions ſtrengthen, nor no Parties take,
But well of Church, Laws, King, and Rulers ſpeak.
Here in one word is Eaſe and Innocence,
All *Tunbridge* Pleaſures, none of its Expence.

Dr.

Dr. Wild's POEM. *In Nova Fert Animus*, &c. *Or a New* SONG *to an Old Friend, from an Old Poet, upon the New Parliament, in the Year* 1678.

WE are all Tainted with the *Athenian* Itch,
News, and new Things do the whole World bewitch.
Who would be Old, or in old Faſhions Trade?
Even an Old Whore would fain go for a Maid:
The Modeſt of both Sexes, buy new Graces,
Or Periwigs for Pates; and Paint for Faces.
Some wear new Teeth in an old Mouth; and ſome
Carve a new Noſe out of an Aged Bum.
Old *Heſiod*'s Gods Immortal Youth enjoy:
Cupid, though Blind, yet ſtill goes for a Boy;
Under one Hood Hypocrite *Janus* too,
Carries two Faces, one Old, th' other New.
Apollo wears no Beard, but ſtill looks Young;
Diana, *Pallas*, *Venus*, all the Throng

Of Muſes, Graces, Nymphs, look Brisk and Gay,
Priding themſelves in a perpetual *May*:
Whiles doting *Saturn*, *Pluto*, *Proſerpin*,
At their own ugly Wrinkles Rage and Grin;
The very Furies in ther looks do twine;
Snakes, whoſe embroydered Skins renew their ſhine;
And nothing makes Great *Juno* chaſe and ſcold,
But *Joves* new Miſſes, ſlighting her as Old.
Poets, who others can Immortal make,
When they grew Gray, their Lawrels them forſake;
And ſeek young Temples, where they may grow Green;
No Palſie-hands may waſh in *Hypocrene*;
'Twas not Teirce Clarret, Eggs and Muskadine,
Nor Goblets Crown'd with *Greek* or *Spaniſh* Wine,
Could make new Flames in Old *Ben Johnſon*'s Veins,
But his Attempts prov'd lank and languid ſtrains:
His *New Inn* (ſo he nam'd his youngeſt Play)
Prov'd a blind Ale-houſe, cry'd down the firſt Day:
His own dull Epitaph—— *Here lies* Ben Johnſon,
(Half drunken too) He Hickupt— *who was once one!*
Ah! this ſad *once one! once* we *Trojans* were;
Oh, better never, if not ſtill we are.

Rhymes

Rhymes of Old Men, *Illiack* Paſſions be,
When that ſhould downward go, comes up we ſee,
And are like *Jews*- Ears in an Elder Tree.
When Spectacles do once beſtride the Noſe,
The Poet's Gallop turns to ſtumbling-Proſe.
Sir, I am Old, Could, Mould; and you might hope
To ſee an *Alderman* Dance on a Rope,
A *Judge* to act a Gallant in a Play,
Or an Old *Pluraliſt* Preach twice a Day;
Of a Thin *Taylor* make a Valiant Knight,
Or a *good Subject* of a Jeſuite;
As an old Bald-pate (ſuch as mine you know)
Should make his Hair, or Wit and Fancy grow;
Nor is there need that ſuch a Block as I
Should now be hew'd into a *Mercury*.
When Winter's gone, the Owl his foot may ſpare,
And to the *Nightingales* reſign the Air.
Such is the beautiful new face of things:
By Heavens kind Influences, and the Kings,
Joy ſhould inſpire; and all in meaſures move,
And every Citizen a *Vigil* prove.
Each *Proteſtant* turn Poet; and who not
Should be ſuſpected guilty of the *Plot*;

If, now the Day doth dawn, our Cocks forbear
To clap their Wings and Crow, you well may swear,
It is their want of Loyalty, not Wit,
That makes them sullen, and so silent sit:
Galli or *Gallick* kind——— I'll say no more,
But that their Combs are Cut, and they are sore;
Yet to provoke them, my old Cock shall Crow,
That so his Eccho round the Town may go.

Upon the New PARLIAMENT.

MY Landlord underpropt his House some years,
Was often warn'd—'Twould fall about his Ears;
For the main Timber, that above, and under,
By every Blast was apt to rend asunder.
This year He gently took all down, and then
What of the Old prov'd sound, did serve agen.
May all the New be Heart of *English* Oak,
And the whole House stand firm from fatal stroke.
And nothing in't, the Founder e're provoke.
My *Grandam*, when her Bees were old and done.
Burnt the old Stock, and a new Hive begun;

And

And in one year ſhe found a greater ſtore
Of *Wax* and *Honey* than in all before.
Variety and Novelty delights;
Old Shoos and Mouldy Bread are *Gibeonites.*
When Cloaths grow thread-bare, and breeds Vermin too,
To *Long-Lane* with them, and put on ſome new:
When Wine turns Vinegar—All Art is vain,
The World can never make it Wine again.
'Tis time to wean that Child, who bites the Breaſt,
And Chaſe thoſe Fowls, that do beſowl their Neſt.
When *Noll's* Noſe found the *Rump* began to ſmell,
He Dockt it, and the Nation lik'd it well.
Caſt the old, markt and greaſy Cards away,
And give's a new Pack, elſe we will not play:
Nothing but Pork, and Pork, and Pork to eat!
Good Landlord give's freſh *Commons* for our Meat.
Trent Council thirty years lay ſows'd in Pickle,
Until it prov'd a ſtinking Conventicle.
And now Old *Rome* plays over her old Tricks,
This *Seventy nine*, ſhall pay for *Sixty ſix*:
Out of the Fire, like new refined Gold,
How bright New *London* looks above the Old!

All Creatures under old Corruptions groan,
And for a New Creation make their moan:
The *Phœnix* (of her self grown weary) dies
Unto Succeſſion a Burnt Sacrifice:
Old Eagles breed bad Hawks, and they worſe Kites,
And they blind Buzzards (as Old *Pliny* Writes)
Deans, Prebends, Chaplains, think themſelves have wrong,
When *Biſhops* live unmercifully long:
And poor *Diſſenters* beg they may aſcend
Into a Pulpit, from the Tables end.
And who has not by good experience found
Beſt Crops are gained by new-broken ground,
And the firſt Seed—*Oates* ſifted clean and ſound?
But yet Old Friends, Old Gold, Old King, I prize:
Old *Tyburn* take them who do otherwiſe:
Heaven Chaſe the Vultur from our Eagles Neſt,
And let no Ravens this *March*-Brood moleſt.

So Sings poor Robin Redbreſt,

SONG.

SONG.

By *L*——*D*——

AT Noon in a fair Summers Day,
The brighteſt Lady of the *May*,
Young *Cloris*, Innocent and Gay,
Sat Knotting in a Shade:
Each ſlender Finger plaid his part,
With ſuch Activity and Art
As might inflame a Youthful Heart,
And warm the moſt Decay'd.

Her Favourite Swain, by chance came by,
No ſight cou'd better pleaſe her Eye:
Yet when the baſhful Boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have ſeem'd afraid.
She let her Ivory Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted Ball,
And ſtrait gave *Strephon* ſuch a call,
As wou'd have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free,
By ſo much Truth and Modeſty
No Nymph was e're betray'd.
Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,
Whil'ſt thy ſmooth Cheeks I ſtroke and clap,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a Nap,
Which he poor Fool obey'd.

She ſaw him yawn, and heard him ſnore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o're,
She ſigh'd, and cou'd endure no more,
But ſtarting up ſhe ſaid,
May Virtue ſtill rewarded be
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll truſt thee with my Flocks, not Me,
Purſue thy grazing Trade.
Go Milk thy Goats, and Sheer thy Sheep,
And Watch all Night thy Lambs to keep,
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep
By me miſtaken Maid.

To his Worthy Friend, on his Version of *Hugo Grotius*, of the truth of Christian Religion, into English Verse.

Ubi quid datur Oti——
Illudo chartis, hoc eſt mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum.——

Hor. Serm. Lib. 1, Sat. 4.

'TIS not dear Sir, the leaſt ambitious aim
Of being noted for Poetick Flame,
Or with exalted Bards to mix my Name,
That now invites my Muſe to Celebrate
Thoſe Praiſes you have juſtly got of late;
Bus as a Tribute to our Friendſhip due,
That I this ſlender Offering make to you.
As *Noah* with a Pious firmneſs ſtood
Againſt the Aſſauſts of the Invading Flood,
Until thoſe happy days the welcom Dove
The Olive brought by Orders from Above:
So you in Stormy Weather have I ſeen
Eaſie in thought, and of a mind Serene,

Until

Until thoſe Clouds *Jehovah* did diſperſe,
And led your ſettl'd Thoughts to Sacred Verſe;
And ſurely from above you took that Fire,
For none Below, ſuch Thoughts cou'd e'er Inſpire;
For *David* like, your Charming Lyre you ſtring,
In Praiſe and Honour of th' Eternal King?
But Firſt of all, as a wiſe Architect,
Who that he may unſhaken Piles Erect;
Sees his Foundations ſolid are and ſure,
The only means his Building to ſecure.
So while Religion does your Numbers fill,
And ſweetly flows from your Judicious Quill;
Your Corner-ſtone and Principles you take
From him who did thoſe equal Precepts make:
Firſt againſt Atheiſts you his Being prove,
And all their Shallow Arguments remove.
With ſtrongeſt Reaſons then you plainly ſhow,
That all his Attributes from's Eſſence flow;
And this in Verſe and Terms ſo well expreſt,
As if he taught from your inſpir'd Breaſt.
Then by your Verſe, you liberally have given
The Providence which ſome confin'd to Heaven;
As did *Lucretius*, who had fondly taught,
The Lazy Gods of Earthly things ne'er thought.

In

In better Colours you the Godhead ſhow,
And fully prove, to Providence we owe
The change and turns of all things here below.
Then next Religion you in all its parts
Have ſurely Fortifi'd by the beſt Arts
Of Verſe and Reaſon, and to th' World evince,
That Piety ne'er Stranger was to Senſe:
Here may the empty noiſie Town Gallant,
Who knows no Language but the modiſh Cant;
Whoſe tedious Minutes ſtick upon his hands,
And make him Curſe the ſlow and lingring Sands;
By your Example, learn his time to employ
On things that yield a ſolid laſting Joy.
Thus taught by you, he ſpeedily will find
No Pleaſures equal thoſe o'th' Pious mind.
But tho in well choſe Numbers you excell,
And true Philoſophy your Verſe does ſwell,
Yet no confinement knows your Active Soul,
But rifles other Arts without controll:
You into the abſtruſeſt Notions dive,
And loaded with the Sweets, Re-ſtock the Hive.
Nor does the knotty Law, which few untwiſt,
Your piercing Judgment's conqu'ring force reſiſt;

And

And tho' to ſome it takes Gigantick form,
Yet you its Frowns and Menaces do ſtorm;
And being o'ercome at your Expence and Toil,
The weaker hands may bear away the Spoil.
Thus joining Law to Piety, you prove,
The Law not more of *Serpent* has than *Dove*.

For Her Royal Highneſs, Princeſs Ann *of* Denmark, *on the Birth-day of the* D. *of* Glouceſter.

I.

THE noiſe of Foreign Wars,
The whiſperings of Home-Jealouſies and Fears,
Domeſtick Wranglings, Civil Jars,
Has reach'd the harmonious Spheres;
And now *Apollo* and the Sacred *Nine*,
In long Alliance with this Court command
Their Envoys to Complain,
And with ſoft Muſick to eneline
The Hero Royal and his Heroine
(With all the Graces of the Tongue and Hand)
The troubles of Crowns to allay:

Nor

Nor have we touch'd the Lyre in vain;
There is a Truce, a glad Ceſſation for a day.

II.

This day is our own, and our Wiſhes are Crowned!
We cannot allow any Martial ſound,
Nor the Clangor of Trumpets, nor rattling of Drums;
Not a word of Batallions nor Fleets,
Nor of Mortars and Bombs;
No Complaining be heard in our Streets:
No, no, a young Prince to the Kingdom is given;
With the Voice of the Lute,
The Violin and Flute,
We thank the Royal Mother and kind Heaven.

III.

Young *Glouceſter*'s the Theme! the Muſes decree
All the Studious Youth of the Land,
Shall come and kiſs the ſmiling Infant's Hand,
Offering their Gifts of Ingenuity;
Adorning his Cradle with the Flowers that grow
On the Banks of *Cam*,
Of *Iſis* and *Thame*,
The Flowers of Rhetorick and Poeſie:
Glouceſter is a pleaſing Theme;
Glouceſter will make their Fancy flow,
Clear, full and ſtrong, as any *Britiſh* Stream.

VI. Hail

IV.

Hail Palace Royal! we are bound to raiſe,
Thy Turrets to the higheſt point of Praiſe;
This ſecond Birth, perpetuates thy Name:
May the good Genius of the Place,
Make *William* to ſucceed to *Edward*'s Fame;
As Learned, Pious, Wiſe in all his ways;
Like him in all things, but the ſhortneſs of his Days:
Then will we ſtrive our Talents to improve,
And Tribute pay of Gratitude and Love,
And make thee equal to the Cradle of *Jove*.

On the Inſtallation of the Duke of Somerſet, *Chancellor of* Cambridge.

By a *Cantabrigian*, who was at the Entertainment.

WHat ſtore of Cates and Diſhes never ask,
That is the Carvers and the Sewers Task;
What e'er the Sea and Air, and Earth Afford,
In Plenty there did grace the Princely Board.
What for her Wandring Gueſt the *Tyrian* Queen
Prepar'd, or what was touch'd by *Homer*'s Pen,

I

Well

Fell ſhort of this,——
It look'd ſo like the Banquet of the Gods,
When *Jove* invites 'em to his bleſt Abodes;
Around the Board the ſpumeous Goblet goes,
In which Immortal Nectar flows;
Whilſt with freſh Bowls the *Phrygian* Boy
Strives to inflame their riſing Joy;
At the ſame time, to entertain the Ear,
A *Muſe* ſtands by and ſings the Gyants War:
She further tells their Flight and known Eſcape,
When every God in *Ægypt* wore a borrow'd Shape,
And all the while the Frolick ſo inhance,
About their heads the Spheres keep their Eternal dance
So fed the Gods, and ſo fed they,
On this Triumphant Glorious Day.

The Adreſs of John D——n *Laureat, To His Highneſs the Prince of* Orange.

IN all th' *Hoſanna's*, our whole World's Applauſe,
Illuſtrious Champion of our Church and Laws,
Accept, Great *Naſſau*, from unworthy me,
Among the Adoring Crowd, a bended Knee:

Nor

Nor ſcruple Sir, to hear my Ecchoing Lyre
Strung, Tun'd and Join'd to th' Univerſal Quire;
From my ſuſpected Mouth thy Glory's told,
A known Out-lier from the Engliſh Fold;
Rome's Votary, the Proteſtants ſworn Foe,
Rome my Religion half an hour ago.
My *Roman Dagon*'s by thy Arm O'erthrown,
And now my Proſtituted Soul's thy own:
Thy Glory wou'd Convert that Infidel,
That had all Ages ſtood Immovable;
No wonder then, thou could'ſt Affections ſway
In tender Breaſts as mine, ſuch pliant Clay
As wou'd even bear new Molding every day:
Nor doubt thy Convert, I who well could raiſe
Immortal Trophies, even to *Cromwell*'s Praiſe;
I who my Muſes Infant Quill cou'd fledge
With high ſung Murder, Treaſon, Sacrilege,
A Martyr'd Monarch, and an Enſlav'd Nation,
A Kingdom's Shame, the whole World's Execration,
By me tranſlated even to a Conſtellation.
If this, all this, I cou'd Un-bluſhing Write,
Fear not that Pen that ſhall thy Praiſe Endite;
When High-born Blood my Adoration draws,
Exalted Glory, and unblemiſh'd Cauſe:

A Theme ſo all Divine my Muſe ſhall Wing,
What is't for thee Great Prince, I will not Sing?
No Bounds ſhall ſtop my *Pegaſean* Flight;
I'll Spot my *Hind*, and make my *Panther* White;
Againſt the Seven proud *Hills* I'll muſter all
My keen Poetick Rage, and Rhyme with all
The Vengeance of a Second *Hannibal*:
The *Papal Chair*, by dint of Verſe o'erturn;
My *Molten Gods* like *Iſrael's Calf* I'll Burn.
Copes, *Croſiers*, all the Trumpery of *Rome*,
Doom'd to Great *Waller's* blazing Hecatomb;
I'll pound my Beads to Duſt, and wear no more
Thoſe Pagan Bracelets of the *Scarlet Whore*:
But whether am I Wrapt, for, Oh my Fears!
I bend beneath the weight of Sixty Years!
Low runs my Glaſs, more low my aged Muſe,
And to my Will Alas, does Power refuſe:
But if Great Prince, my feeble Strength ſhou'd fail,
This Theme I'll to my Succeſſors Entail:
My Heirs th' unlimited Subject ſhall compleat;
I have a Son, and he by all that's Great,
That very Son, (and truſt my Oaths, I Swore
As much to my Great Maſter *James* before)
Shall by his Sires Example, *Rome* renounce,
For he young Stripling yet has turn'd but once,

That *Oxford* Nurſling, that ſweet hopeful Boy,
His Father's, and and the once *Ignatian* Joy,
Deſign'd for a new *Bellarmine* Goliah,
Under the great *Gamamiel Obadiah:*
This Youth, Great Sir, ſhall your Fame's Trumpet Blow,
And Soar when my dull Wings ſhall flag below;
A Proteſtant *Herculean* Column ſtand
When I a poor weak Pillar of the Land,
Now growing Old, and crumbling into Sand.
But Hark, methinks I hear the buzzing Crowd,
At my Converſion, dare to Laugh aloud!
Let Cenſuring Fops, and ſnarling Envy Grin,
Tickl'd and pleas'd with my *Camelton* Skin:
No ſenſeleſs Fools my true Dimenſions ſcan,
And know the Laureat's a *Leviathan.*
Now *Tyber's* Mouth Ebbs Low, and on that Shoar
My rolling Bulk alas can ſport no more:
Down the full Tide I Scow'r to take a Looſe,
In the more ſwelling Surge, at *Helvoet Sluce;*
Let chattering *Daws* and every ſenſeleſs Widgeon,
Their Deſcant paſs on that great Name Religion.
Religion by true Polititian Rules,
The Wiſe Man's Strength, and the true ſide of Fools;

For

For we, who Godlineſs for Gain ſupport,
Heaven's Votaries for Candidates at Court, (Fort.
Make our Church Walls our Rampart, Sconce and
Our *Maſſes*, *Dirges*, *Veſpers*, *Oraiſons*,
Our Counterſcarps, Ravellins and Half-Moons;
And now our *Ave Mary*'s put to th' rout,
And from that Baſtion I am beaten out,
I'm but retiring to a new Redoubt.
Why ſhou'd I bluſh to Turn? when my Defence
And Plea's too plain; for if Omnipotence
Be th' higheſt Attribute that Heaven can boaſt,
That's the trueſt Church that Heaven reſembles moſt.
The Tables then are turn'd, and 'tis conſeſt
The Strongeſt and the Mightieſt is the Beſt:
In all my Changes, I'm on the right Side,
And by the ſame great Reaſon Juſtify'd;
When the bold Creſcent lately attack'd the Croſs,
Reſolv'd the Empire of the World to Ingroſs;
Had tottering *Vienna*'s Walls but fail'd,
And the Turks over *Chriſtendom* prevail'd,
I long e'er this had croſs'd the *Dardanello*,
And ſat the mighty *Mahomet*'s hail Fellow;
Quitted my duller hopes, the poor renown
Of *Eaton* College, or a *Dublin* Gown,

And Commenc'd Graduate in the great Divan,
Had Reign'd a more Immortal *Muſelman*:
Nor Art, Pain, Labour, Toil, too much to aſſail
Heaven's Towry Battlements; my Heaven I'd ſcale
Through all Religions, Church o'er Churches mount-
ted,
More than the Rounds that *Jacob*'s Ladder counted.
Has this ſtupendious Revolution paſt,
A Change ſo quick, and not Turn as faſt!
Let bogling Conſcience ſhock the ſqueamiſh Fool,
Poor Crazy Animals, whoſe Stomach's rule
Shall ſcrupulous Taſte diſguſt, their Paſcual ſtickle,
Whether true dreſt in Souſe, in Broth, or Pickle;
If Muſcadine runs low, I'm not ſo dull
But I can pledge Salvation in Lambs-wool;
And if Salvation to one Church is bound,
So much the rather ſhou'd I change all round:
Change then can be no fault, a whole Life long,
Kept in one Church, may always be ith' wrong;
But there where Conſcience Circles in her flight,
We who're of all Sides, muſt be once i'th Right.

A BALLAD.

REform Great Queen the Errors of your Youth,
And hear a thing, you never hear'd, call'd Truth:
Poor private Balls content the Fairy Queen,
You muſt Dance and Dance damnably to be ſeen;
Ill-natur'd little Goblin, and deſign'd
For nothing but to Dance and Vex Man-kind;
What wiſer thing cou'd our Great Monarch do,
Than root Ambition out by ſhewing you?
You can the moſt aſpiring Thoughts pull down,
For who wou'd have his Wife, to have his Crown?
With a white Vizor you may cheat our Eyes,
You know a black one wou'd be no Diſguiſe:
See in her Mouth a ſparkling Diamond ſhine,
The firſt good thing that e'er came from that Mine;
Heav'n ſome great Curſe upon that Hand diſpence,
That for th' encreaſe of Nonſenſe, takes it thence:
How Gracefully ſhe moves, and ſtrives to lugg
A weight of Riches that might ſink the Pugg!
Such Fruit ne'er loaded ſo deform'd a Tree,
Her Jewels may be match'd, but never ſhe.

If bold *Acteon* in the Waves had ſeen
In fair *Diana*'s room our Puppet Queen,
He wou'd have Fled, and in his full Career,
For greater haſte, have wiſh'd himſelf a Deer;
Preferr'd the Bellies of his Dogs to hers,
And thought 'em the more cleanly Sepulchres:
What ſtupid Madman wou'd not chuſe to have
The ſettl'd reſt and ſilence of a Grave,
Rather than ſuch a Hell, which always burns,
And from whom Nature forbids all returns.
Or——d looks paler now than when he rid;
Your Viſit frights him more than *Tyburn* did:
Fear of your coming, does not only make
W——r's wife Marquiſs, but his Houſe to Shake.
What will be next, unleſs you pleaſe to go
And Dance among your Fellow Fiends below;
There as upon the *Stygian Lake* you Float,
You may o'er-ſet and ſink the laden Boat;
While we the Funeral Rites devoutly pay,
And Dance for Joy that you are danc'd away.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

By Mr. Dr--------, 1687.

HEre lyes a Creature of Indulgent Fate,
From L—— H—— rais'd to a Chit of State.
In Chariot now *Eliſha* like he's hurld
To the upper empty Regions of the World.
The Airy thing cuts through the yielding Sky,
And as it goes, does into Atoms fly,
While we on Earth, ſeem with no ſmall Delight,
The Bird of Prey turn'd to a Paper Kite.
With drunken Rage and Pride he did ſo ſwell,
The hated thing without Compaſſion fell;
By powerful force of univerſal Prayer,
The ill-blown Bubble is now turn'd to Air:
To his firſt leſs than Nothing, he is gone,
By his prepoſterous Tranſlation.

ELEGY.

HEre lyes a Peer rais'd by indulgent Fate,
A shining Sun from a fallen Star of State:
In Chariot now *Elijah* like, he's bore
A pitch beyond the *Roman* Eagle's Soar:
Through the yielding Air he makes his glorious Flight,
And scatters as he goes new Beams of Light.
While Papists seem with Envy from the Porch,
The States-man's turn'd a Pillar of the Church:
With Faith and holy Resolution Crown'd,
Unmov'd the Noble Patriot stands his Ground;
By powerful force of weighty Argument,
The baffl'd Fathers back again are sent,
While to his first best Principles he's Just,
True to his God and faithful to his Trust.

A SESSION of the POETS.

NOw had *Apollo* heard in Verse and Prose
New Wits each day, unknown to him, arose.
For Fops the very Muses will pursue,
And boast their Favours whom they never knew:

To

To hinder which he prudently thought fit
T'examin all pretences made to Wit:
The Day's declar'd, and as the News they hear,
The Learned Mobb from all around appear!
Thoſe who with fly Device Acroſtick Write,
And thoſe to *Cynthia* ſofter Lines Indite.
The fam'd for Rhime and Proſe, and Commentators,
The Punſters, Quiblers, Songſters, and Tranſlators,
All with the ſame fond Expectation Fir'd,
Both the Poſſeſs'd with Muſe, and the Inſpir'd:
All Wits with pleaſing Vanity are Curſt,
Each Man o'th' Tribe believes himſelf the Firſt.

A Reverend Grizly Elder firſt appear'd,
With Solemn Port through the Divided Herd,
Whoſe labouring Muſe did many years excel,
In ill Inventing and in Stealing well,
Till *Love Triumphant* did the Cheat Reveal.
So when appears midſt Sprightly Births, a Sot,
Whatever were the other Off-ſprings Lot,
All are ſecure, he's lawfully begot.
He pleaded his Life in the Service was ſpent,
And hop'd that the Judge won'd to Crown him con-
ſent;

Since

Since, *had his Genius that made him a Poet been try'd,*
And with equal Care to any Science apply'd,
At making a Shoe, or at Pleading or Preaching,
He'd soon been a Littleton, Prat, *or a* Crispin.
Apollo esteem'd his Plea very true,
And some Reward to his Labours was due.
He long revolv'd what Honours was most fit
To Grace the Person of so Sage a Wit;
At last designs, and stretching forth his Hand,
Anointed him the Poets Alderman.

Will. Wicherly next appear'd through the Throng,
Apollo rose up, but wonder'd so long,
A Friend he so lov'd, he never had seen,
And displeas'd with th' Account he gave where he'd been,
He Checkt, and Pronounc'd him unfit for the Bays,
That so Conscious of Merit, so Careless of Praise,
For all the Wits rob'd him, and he was to blame,
To sit down with the wrong, and ne're make his Claim,
And in *Laureat*'s Chair that Man shou'd not sit,
Who, in so scarce an Age is so lavish of Wit.

Then

Then *D---s* and *Durfy* preſs through the Crowd,
With equal Impatience and equally loud;
And from his own Words they urg'd their Pretence,
For all they writ ſpoke them moſt thrifty of Senſe:
But no Man cou'd tell who'd the Preference get,
Since in different ways they were equally Great.
Tom own'd a *Soft Muſe Inſpir'd him to Sing,*
And ſet up for *Lyricks* with a Ding a Ding Ding.
But in *Den---s* Muſe more ſolid was found,
For ſtrong and for ſinewy Nonſenſe Renown'd,
And to make good his Plea, this Couplet was ſhown.

Bullets amain unſeen by Mortal Eye,
That kill and wound like Parthians *as they fly.*

Apollo then ſmiling ſaid, ſince he ſaw
Both Merited what both cou'd not Enjoy,
He'd given 'em a Patent for Honours moſt fit,
That none but themſelves ſhou'd read what they Writ

The next Thought without pleading the Laurel to get
Since by moſt he'd been told he was *the beſt Wit.*
The greateſt Young Man, riſing Sun of the Age,
But *Apollo* the Gentleman's heat to aſſwage,

Pro-

Proclaim'd if his Writing the Laurel shou'd wear,
Of the Garland he'd have but a very small share.
Since by his Plays, he most plainly descry'd,
He did not much in his own Noddle confide;
But yet him, for one of the Tribe he wou'd own,
If in his next play for his Thefts to attone,
He'd Write a whole Leafe that was truly his own:
But to show he cou'd Write, and recover his Cause,
An Elegy out of his Pocket he draws.
Where he hop'd he shou'd purchase the Bays for this Flight,

Lost is the Day which had from her its Light,
For ever last with her in endless Night:
In endless Night and Arms of Death she lies,
Death in Eternal Shades has shut Pastoras *Eyes.*

Concern so Passionate who ever read,
That Dictates nothing, but she's Dead, Dead, Dead!
But still of all that fell upon the Queen,
He's least injurious to her Ashes been.
For what he has of Dread *Pastora* Sung,
To *Cloris, Cynthia, Cisly* may belong.

An indifferent Writer then *Southern* appear'd,
And with modest Carriage Addrest to be heard;

Neither

Neither Praiſe, nor Diſhonour his Writings attend,
Apollo cou'd neither Diſlike nor Commend;
As in Faces, the Ugly or Handſom we find,
Are only admir'd, when extream in their Kind:
So, in Poetry, he that wou'd Purchaſe Renown,
Muſt write up to *Waller*, or write down to *Tom*.

The Cryer made next for *Ravenſcroft* way,
In vogue with them all for's laſt Gluttonous Play.
For as Sages of Old true Greatneſs decry'd,
Cauſe themſelves were poor Rogues out of Envy and Pride;
So to grow Men of Faſhion, the Poets were thinking,
Cou'd they beat down the ill Cuſtom of Eating and Drinking.
But for's Ignoramus the Dolt they Explode,
Where he hit on bad Latin, and thought it all good.

Nat T--te came in next, but came not to Plead,
But ſtrut with the Laurel already on's Head;
Which to all their Ambition had quite put an end,
For, for what he had more, there was none wou'd contend,
But to Reconcile 'em *Apollo* took Care,
And loudly proteſted, he plac'd it not there;

But

But Religion, the leaſt thing 'mong Poets, had made
Him from one of the Meaneſt, a Chief in the Trade:
For he throve, tho' his Words from his Matter were wide,
By the Cunning of Skill, being dull o'th' right ſide;
But kindly one by, does the Laureat beſeech,
To Scribble no more, ſince to more he can't reach,
As Prieſts when they are Biſhops, no longer will
Preach.

At the Bar *Johnny Cr---n* neglected does ſtand,
And holds not out now, his *little white Hand*,
For alas his Gay Years and Follies are paſt,
He's pity'd this Seſſions, tho' Condemn'd in the laſt,
And now neither own'd by the Wits nor the Beaus,
For he's out-liv'd his Writing, & wore out his Cloaths.

He that Engliſh'd *Petronius* wou'd fain have crept in,
But none of the Poets wou'd own him a Kin:
He bluſh'd, but the Judge bid him reſt with his Lott,
For he that's ne'er known, can ne'er be forgot.

But now in a ſweat does *Mot--x* advance,
Who fring'd all he ſpoke with the *Gargon* of *France*:
A Courteous A-- whom nothing offends,
Who Judges by halves, but in groſs who commends,

So

So ſhallow that *Tom* even thou cou'dſt ſee through,
And *Le Prate*, for thy Pen a fit Character drew;
But he pull'd out a Journal, and urg'd all his Pain,
His waſte of his Time, Shoe-Leather and Brain;
In Collecting the Tract, his Vexation and Pother,
In Gadding about from one Songſter to 'tother:
Apollo eſteem'd his Plea very good,
For the Gentleman's Talent he ſoon underſtood,
And gave him an Employment that fitted him moſt,
A Patent, to be his own Journals Poſt;
With Journals and Pacquets, and Meſſages fraught,
And bring 'em to Town, yet not know what he brought.

The next at the Bar an Unknown took his Place,
Who clearly diſcover'd his Luck in his Face.
The well-favour'd God ſoon ſpoke him not his,
With hopeleſs a Viſage and rueful a *Phiz*.
One call'd him *Hop--s*, but he was to blame,
For *Apollo* was ready to ſwoon at the Name,
Tho' he knew him by it, and applauded his Skill,
Who to the firſt, cou'd be ſecondly ill,
As he did old *David*, *Tibullus* theſe wrongs,
He prophan'd the beſt Hymns, and this ſpoil'd the beſt Songs.

Then

Then in their own Stile he ſent him away,
And bid him be Stupid for ever and aye.

Great numbers ſtill on every ſide appear'd,
Eager of Hope, and preſſing to be heard;
When at the Bar anew, each took his Place,
And baniſh'd Hope reviv'd in every Face.
Th' inhoſpitable Crowd, forget their Pride,
And each Man Quarter gives, on either ſide.
Dennis and *Durfy*, now no Rancour ſhow'd,
But full as harmleſs as they Writ, they ſtood.
The Thoughtful God-head long revolv'd the Doom
That was to ſpeak their Joys, or Griefs to come;
But ſince he knew no Mortal e're cou'd be
From Envious Hate, and Rival Malice free;
Fading's the Praiſe in which Men Triumph here,
No Poets Fame till after Death's ſincere;
Therefore to haſte to th' Glory they deſerve,
He graciouſly commanded all to ſtarve.

FINIS.